

ANTHROPOLOGY 321
SPRING 1987
MH 1300-1415

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

INSTRUCTOR: Dr. Elaine M. Waldow
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SJW 13:42 2/11

COURSE OUTLINE

TEXTS: Sadovszky, O. "The Discovery of California" (article)
Chance, W. The Eskimo of North Alaska
Jones, D. Sanapia: Comanche Medicine Woman
Rohner, R., & e. Bettauer. The Kwakiutl: Indians of
British Columbia
Downs, J. The Navajo

WEEK	LECTURE/DISCUSSION TOPIC	READINGS
1	Introduction, Stereotypes, Origins, Languages	Sadovszky
2	History and Impact of Contact	
3	History and Impact of Contact	
4	Culture Areas, Theoretical Overview, Arctic Region	Chance
5	Arctic Region, Subarctic Region	
MARCH 10	MIDTERM EXAMINATION	
7	Basin/Desert Region	
8	California	
9	Northwest Region	Rohner/Bettauer
10	Northeast Region	
11	REVIEW	
APRIL 21	MIDTERM EXAMINATION	
12	Southeast Region	
13	Plains Region	Jones
14	Southwest Region	Downs
15	The Present and the Future	

There will be two midterms, each worth 100 point, and one final exam worth 200 points -- 400 points total.

GRADING SCALE: A = 360-400 B = 320-359 C = 260-319 D = 220-259
F = Below 200

Anth321 Class notes

1 Course Outline

ANTHROPOLOGY 321 SPRING 1987 T 1600
AMERICAN INDIAN

THE

INSTRUCTOR: Dr. Elaine M. Waldow OFFICE HOURS: MT
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COURSE OUTLINE

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Chance, N. The Eskimo of North Alaska. Jones, D. Sanapia:
Comanche Medicine Woman. Rohner, R., & E. Bettauer. The
Kwakiutl: Indians of British Columbia. Downs, J.
The Navajo.

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2	History and Impact of Contact
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4	Culture Areas, Theoretical Overview, Arctic Region Chance
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5	Arctic Region, Subarctic Region
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MARCH 10 MIDTERM EXAMINATION

7	Basic/Desert Region
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8	California
---	------------

9	Northwest Region	Rohner/Betta
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10	Northeast Region
----	------------------

11	REVIEW
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APRIL 21 MIDTERM EXAMINATION

12	Southeast Region
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13	Plains Region	Jones
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2 Feb 3: Intro, Stereotypes, Origins & Languages

2.1 Intro

Feb 3: Intro

Ethnographies: read like novels.

Topics covered:

- 1) Eskimo -
- 2) N/W ---> social classes - ranked society - systems of exchange
- 3) Comanchi - Shaman - medicine/religion/magic/vision quests (the plains Indians)
- 4) Navaho - shepherders. The importance of women in Navaho Society: "What conditions are necessary for women to have power?" Power and autonomy.

No textbook--->But lecture/Ethnography/films - Why? subject is a people group---Encountered better by sensory stuff.

EXAMS: 2 Midterms - 100 pts each & 1 Final - 200 pts. Multiple choice, short answer, definitions, if essay it will be short. Objective. Preparative - cross-cultural - holistic (whole society, how things are related, structure/regional/extra-regional). Extra credit - 1 or 1/2 pt. for attending class.

2.2 Stereotypes

"Indian" word association

drunk, reservation, cowboys, poverty, buffalo, noble savage . . .

- result knowing indians through some sort of combination of stereotypes.

Definition of "Stereotype":

Standardized mental picture that is held in common by members of a group and that represents an over simplified opinion,

attitude or uncritical judgement.

Configuration of behavior of a group. Stereotype - two extremes:

male - noble savage, in tune with nature; female - princess, chaste, slender, beautiful.

male - dirty, blood thirsty, "-Um" language; female - squaw, dubious morals, untidy personal habits.

You can't stereotype People!!!

Where do we get this idea that the Indians were bloodthirsty savages? Their warfare practices (i.e., scalping and casualty mutilation). But the truth of the matter is that war is brutal. Both sides have been at fault in behaving in less than a "civilized" manner. Specifically, scalping was not necessarily indiginist to the American Indians (there is evidence to suggest that the colonists brought the practice over from Europe). So why the stereotype?

(1) When the Europeans contacted the Indians they judged the Indians behavior in terms of european patterns of behavior. (Eg., Ethnocentrism - the belief that ones own culture is the best). The Europeans thought that their culture was the top of the civilization ladder. Whatever the Europeans didn't understand was attributed to the Indians "savage, barbarious brutishness."

(2) The stereotype is rooted in Racism (Def.: Race is the primary determinant of human traits and capacities and that racial differences produce an inherent superiority of a particular race. Corralitive thought: if there is a superior race, eg., one's own, than all other races are inherently inferior). If the Indian is the savage than the European is justified in taking the Indian lands and in their view that the Indian is less-than-human.

(3) By viewing Indians as savages Europeans could justify mistreating the Indians --- not just the 18th Century colonists but the 19th Century Americans during the period of expansionism. Social Darwinism --- the less-fit were not meant to survive (control?). Essentially trying to justify Expansionism into the New World.

2.2.1 part 2

The reasons review: (1) Ethnocentrism
(2) Racism
(3) Justify mistreatment

(4) Justify Expansionism

CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE INDIANS:

(1) Food: corn - potatoes - etc.

(2) Political structure of the US gov't influenced by political structure of the Iroquois Indians (a confederation of 5 tribes with an Executive branch, with Impeachments and Checks and Balances, etc.) 1754 (?), Benjamin Franklin's Albany Plan of Union for the Colonists.

2.3 Origins

Indian Pre-History - ORIGINS

HOW THE EVIDENCE IS PIECED TOGETHER:

(1) Archeological evidence - fossilized bones, basketry, etc.

(2) Linguistic evidence - glottochronology (Def: Linguistic method that used to compare related languages by determining percentage of words that come from an mother tongue that are shared by the related languages [comparing words that are common])

(3) Genetic evidence - blood/DNA evidence

When did the indians get here (arrive in the New World). New evidence estimates ca. 40,000 years ago but because the evidence is primarily determined through Relative Dating then it is not considered enough to be established as "true." There are multiple site that produce some evidence for a range between 20,000 and 30,000 years ago.

The best evidence is in Meadowcroft, Pennsylvania. The dates (estimated through Carbon14 dating the site's basketry [Chronometric method]) are between 17,000 - 21,000 years ago. Most people believe that the Indians settled on this continent around 12,000 to 15,000 years ago. This is based on the stone tools that were left (Llano complex)

Where did they come from? Most likely from Northeast Asia - North China. This theory is based on research involving the Sinodont dental cavity. The Sinodont dental cavity phenomenon refers to the shovel shaped incisors on the inside of the dental cavity. Other markings of the phenomenon is an extra cusp inside the 1st molars and three root 1st molars (as opposed to the more

common two root 1st molars). This characteristic is shared among the asiatic populations. Another characteristic shared by the American Indians and the Asians is similar skull structure (particularly to Northern China).

How did they get here? Two theories, one by land and one by sea (or is that one if by land and two if by sea----sorry, just a little Anthropological humor. Yeah, very little).

By land: The Bering Strait crossing was taken approximately between 12,000 and 22,000 years ago. This was during the Pleistocene period, the Ice Ages. There were four major periods of glaciation - glacier movement. Two major areas of glacial movement were the Cordilleran and Laurentide. The former caused the Indians migratory path to form a "Y" in to the rest of the continent and the latter centered around the Hudson bay area.

2.3.1 part 2

By sea: drifting around the North China Sea over and along the North American coast. The reason for this path would be the abundance of food in those waters. The problem with this theory is that sailing leaves very little evidence to be investigated by later generations.

SUMMARY:

3 types of evidence for the proposed dates of the Indians arrival in the New World:

- (1) Archeological evidence
- (2) Linguistic evidence
- (3) Genetic evidence

The best evidence points to an arrival date of between 20,000 to 30,000 years ago with an origin in Northeast Asia.

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2/3 Amer IND

ETHNOGRAPHICS - FOOD LIKE NOVELS

- ① Eskimo -
- ② N/w → SOCIAL CLASSES - RANKED SOCIETY
SYSTEMS & EXCHANGE
- ③ COMANCHI - SOUTHERN - MEXICAN/TEX./INDIAN
VISION QUESTS - PAINFUL INDUSTRY
- ④ MAYA - SABBATHS

IMPORTANCE of woman in NAV. Soc.
"WHAT CONDITIONS WERE FOR WOMEN TO HAVE
POWER?" POWER & AUTONOMY

NO TEXT → BUT LECTURE/ETHNOG./FILMS - WHY?

SUBJECT IS A PEOPLE GROUP - SENSORY STUFF

EXAMS

2 - MIDTERMS

100 pts ea

1 - FINAL

200 pts. ea

set point system -

extra credit for attending class -

1 or 1/2 pt. multiple choice/short answer/
definition / if essay very short essay. Objective

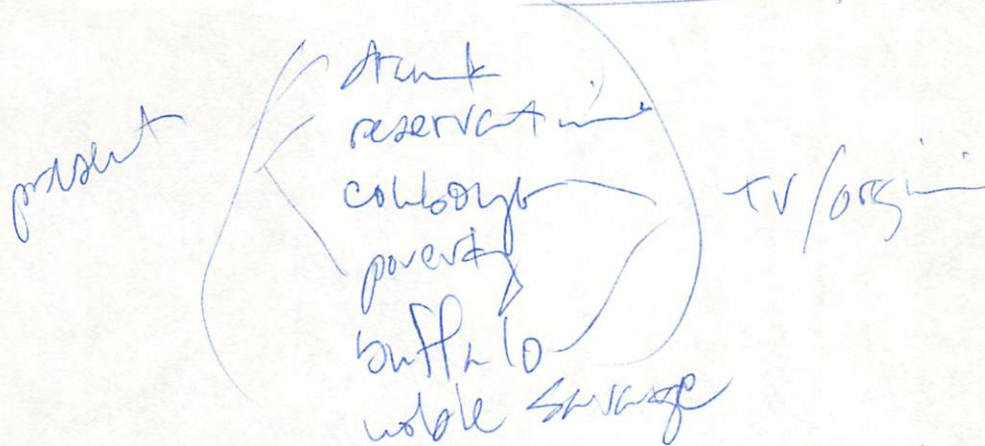
Preparative - cross cultural - holistic (whole society
how things are related, structure regional extraregional)

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Stereotypes:

"Indian" card-association



— result knowing w. through some sort of construction of stereotypes

def.

standardized mental picture that is held in common by members of a group & that represents an oversimplified opinion, attitude or ~~un~~unverified judgement.

contig. & behavior of a group

Stereotype two extremes

woble-woble savage. native w/ native
fence - princess - dainty slender beautiful
woble - dirty blood thirsty "um"
fence - square debauched morals untidy
personal habits

cont stereotype people

Indians = bloodthirsty savages - warlike practices

war = brutal - both sides at fault

eg. scalping - not necessarily
indisignificant to Amer Inds -

why stereotypes

① when Europeans contacted Ind - judged
Ind via European patterns of behavior

(Ethnocentrism - belief that one's own
culture is the best)

European top of civilization ladder - whatever
Europeans didn't understand = savage barbaric

② stereo-rooted in racism (race is the primary
determinant of human traits
& capacities & that racial differences
produce an inherent superiority of a particular
race in cognitive thought: if superior race then
all other races are inherently inferior)

③

~~the Indians~~

Ind-savage → justly taking Ind land
& now Ind is lost-human

- ③ By new Ind. no ~~Indians~~ Europeans could justify Ind. mistreatment - not just European colonialism but 19th cent. Amer. ind. during period of expansionism - Social Darwinism - the less fit not allowed to survive.

Trying to justify expansion into the New World

Contributions Indians

- ① Ethnocentrism
- ② Racism
- ③ Justification to mistreat Ind
- ④ Just. to expansion

- ① Food: corn-potatoes
political struct. of U.S. gov't influenced by political struct. of Iroquois Ind. confederacy & 5 tribes-groups

Executive branch of 50 chiefs
Legislative branch etc.

1754(?) Albany plan of Union for the colonies.
Benjamin Franklin

Indian Pre-History - Origins

How Evidence is pieced together

- * ① Archaeological evidence
Fossilized bones
Basketry
- * ② Linguistic evidence
↳ Glottochronology = linguistic method that
used to compare related languages
by determining percentage of words
that are from a common base that
are shared by the related languages
comparing words that ~~same~~ are
common
- ③ Genetic evidence - blood / ~~DNA~~ DNA evidence

when did they get here (arrive ~~from~~ the New World)
new evidence - 40,000 - relative dating
not enough proof to be true

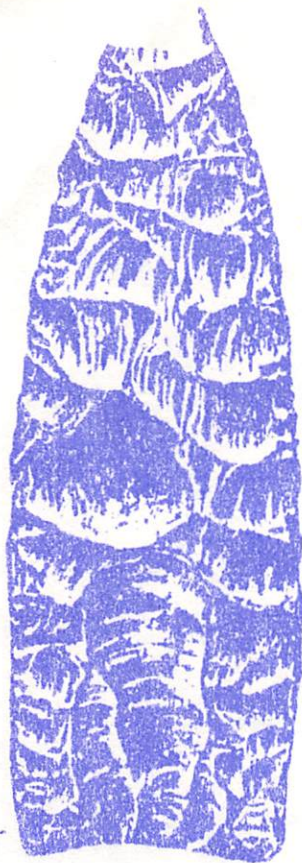
But Evidence
20,000 - 30,000 - multiple sites

Headwaters - Pennsylvania best evidence

17,000 - 21,000 chronometric method -

Carbon 14 - radiocarbon

most people believe 12,000 - 15,000 years ago
Stone tools - ~~the~~ Llano complex



A projectile point from New Mexico, the typical "Clovis" pattern, actual size
 © 2001 New Mexico University. Drawing by Douglas Hovde

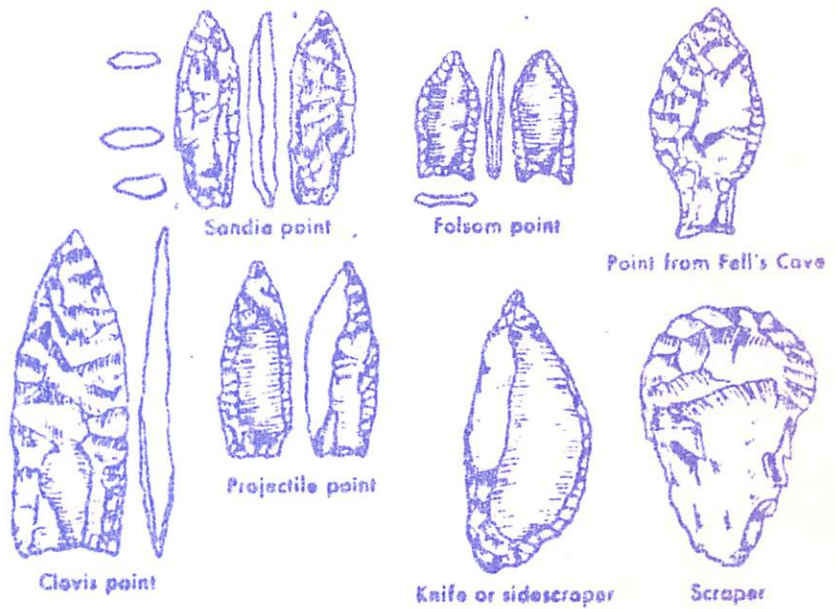
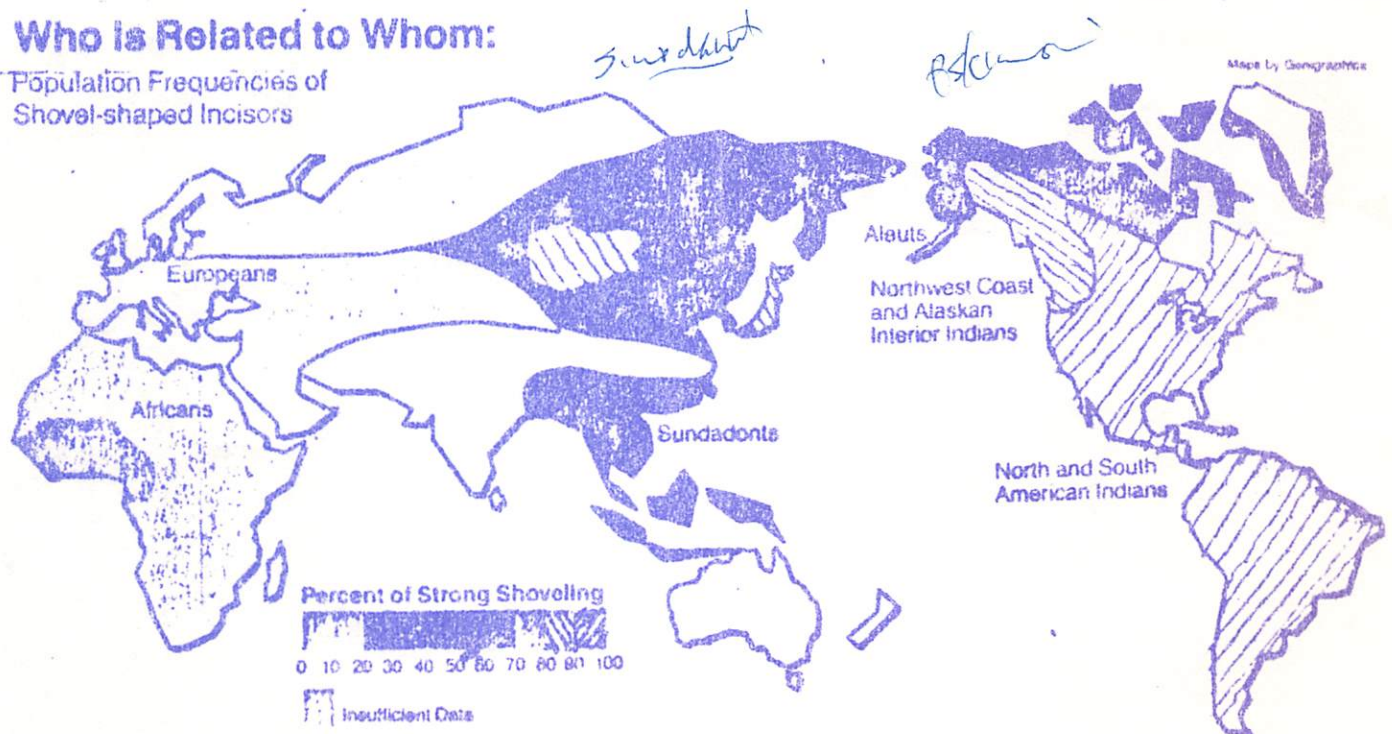


Fig. 15-4. American Paleo-Indian implements. (Adapted from Bordes, F. 1968. The Old Stone Age, New York, McGraw-Hill Book Co.)

Who is Related to Whom:

Population Frequencies of Shovel-shaped Incisors



Teeth reveal a lot about the biological relationships among world populations. For example, the high frequency of shoveling among all northeast Asians and New World Indians distinguishes them from Southeast Asians and from

Europeans and Africans. This and other tooth traits support the idea that migrants from northeast Asia settled the New World. A tripartite subdivision in the New World suggests that there may have been three principal migrations.



→ From N/E Asia - N China

Sino-dont dental cavity - should shaped
incisors on the inside -

- extra cusp on side 1st molar
- three root 1st molar

Skulls similar -

To northern China

Would they'd get here

Bering Strait crossing 12000 - 22000 years ago

Plusticene period - ice ages

4 major periods of glaciation - glacier movement

Cordilleran

Laurentide - centered Hudson Bay area

drifting around North American Sea over 4 days w/ American coast - person

wouldn't find - prob. sailing leaves

little evidence left.

3 types of evidence - Archaeological

20-30000 written

origin - N/E Asia -

⑥

The Californians

THE MAGAZINE OF CALIFORNIA HISTORY

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 6 \$2.50
NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1984



The origin
of the
California Indians:
the first
Asian linguistic link



The Californians

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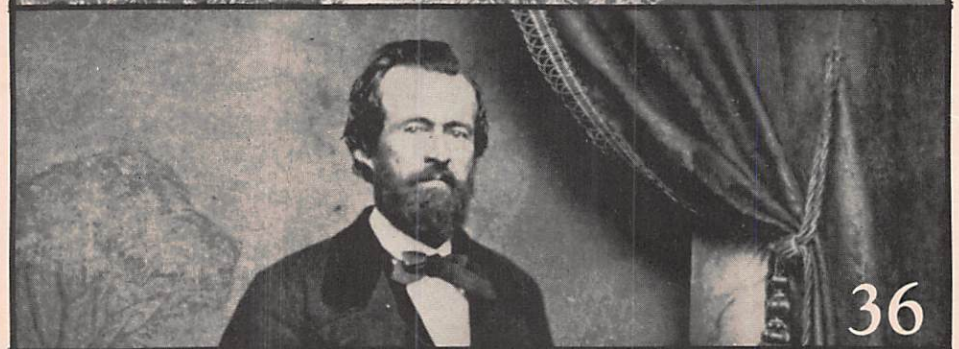
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Cover: The photograph, by U.T. Sirelius, shows Asian Voguls rowing to a sacrificial festival in 1899. Their linguistic connection to California Penutians is the first Asia-America link ever discovered.

The probable route of Asian Ob-Ugrian tribes that settled in California about 3000 years ago is shown in red. The arguments for this sea route are two: first, a land route would have involved numerous encounters with other groups, changing the Ob-Ugrian language more than it was. Second, salmon was a staple of the Ob-Ugrian diet both in Asia and in California. As a sea-faring people it is quite likely that they simply followed the coast from salmon-run to salmon-run all the way to California, a thesis supported by California Penutian legends.

*Linguistic breakthrough to our past . . .***The Discovery of California: Breaking the Silence of the Siberia-to-America Migrators**

Twenty-five years of research led Otto J. von Sadowsky to his discovery of a language spoken by the California Indians while they were crossing the Bering Strait from Asia to America — the first such link, a discovery hailed by eminent archaeologists and linguists. For the first time, the formerly silent prehistoric migrators speak to us and also, for the first time, we can understand what they are saying. We have only to listen.

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*A light-hearted holiday potpourri for our faithful readers . . .***A Defense of Historic Trivia**

These whimsical to weighty items in Katie Ainsworth's unique collection teach us that trivia, though not always trivial, is nearly always amusing.

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Tintype California

Those ubiquitous tintypes were ubiquitous for good reason: they only cost 10-25 cents apiece! Peter Palmquist offers a generous sampling of Californians as they appeared in tintype — the first of his series of major photographic presentations to be offered each year as a special holiday gift to our readers.

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*On the trail with a map to the jaws of hell . . .***The True Grit and Triumph of Juliette Brier**

Gently-reared New Englander Juliette Brier, thrust into the arid inferno of Death Valley, not only endured but also saw her husband, children and comrades through. Gloria Ricci Lothrop reconstructs Juliette's ordeal.

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In Search of a Man Named Smith

One hot, late-summer day in Utah, a man named Smith came riding up and offered anxious '49ers a map of a shortcut to the San Joaquin Valley. The tragedy and hardships into which that map led the Briers and other Death Valley pioneers have been far better known than the mysterious Smith, who was a mere footnote in history until George Koenig hit the research trail.

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LETTERS

Editor:

Will you please send a 2-year gift subscription to *The Californians* to our friend, address enclosed? Your magazine is very interesting indeed; I am sure he will find it as fascinating as we do. Does your service include a gift card? Thank you so very much.

Helen Clingan
Dunlap

Yes, we do send gift cards, signed any way you like it, to the recipient. Normally, gift cards are sent out 15-60 days from receipt of the request unless the gift-giver specifically requests sending the card on a special date. Many readers are now giving the magazine as a gift, which makes us very happy because we KNOW you're enjoying the magazine when you want to share it with your friends and loved ones! — J. Sherrell

Editor:

Rose Roggero of Native Daughters of the Golden West, Veritas Parlor No. 75, recently celebrated her 50th Wedding Anniversary. Veritas Parlor could think of no better way of honoring her than by a subscription to *The Californians*.

Doreen Marchi-Crawford
Merced

Michael and I thank you and the members of Veritas Parlor for this best of all possible compliments to the magazine. We hope Mrs. Roggero enjoys her subscription, and wish her many happy returns on her 50th. — J. Sherrell

Editor:

Am enjoying each new issue, especially the article on otters and beavers. We lived on the Sacramento Delta for 20 years. Our home was at the edge of Beaver Slough.

Dorothy Durham
Carmel Valley

Editor:

Very interesting articles. I am a history instructor at Fresno City College and California State University-Fresno. I have assigned articles and referred students to *The Californians*.

Bonnie Trask
Fresno

Editor:

Good luck! The hard work is evident.

Mrs. G. Val-Goeschen
Point Reyes Station

Editor:

Your magazine is the best thing that has ever happened to California. I shouldn't like to miss a single copy; so if I may I would like to subscribe three years in advance just so I know I will have it that long. It's the only magazine I have ever read that I can honestly say I do read *every word* and I mean *every word*. Yes, even the ads. It's just that good. I do want to thank you for such a good publication.

George F. Meyer
Santa Cruz

Editor:

As one of the few native Californians I commend you on an excellent magazine.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Whitchurch
Newark

Editor:

Re the article about Mt. Diablo coalfields by Charles Bohakel: Railroad historians, based on their sources, have always considered that the coal from Mt. Diablo mines was of low quality. Railroads could not use it in their locomotives. Riverboat companies were the primary customers. It was to be expected that when mines in British Columbia offered a superior product, the mines in Contra Costa County would no longer be viable. Coal from Chile and Wales was not considered the major competition.

[In addition to the Pittsburg R.R., pictured in the article] three different railroads [ran] down from the mines to the river. On the west was Black Diamond Railroad, running from Nortonville to New York Landing (Pittsburg). Three miles to the east was Pittsburg Railroad, serving Somersville Mines and running down to Pittsburg Landing, between Antioch and Pittsburg.

A few miles farther east was the Empire Railroad. This one was narrow gauge and served mines at Stewartsville and West Hartley from Antioch itself.

There is evidence that Pittsburg Railroad, the last to operate, served until 1916. Much information on the mines and their railroads will be found in the booklet "Mt. Diablo Coal Mine Railroads" by B. H. Ward (Booklet 370-E published by *Western Railroader*, San Mateo, 1971). It is available at The Bancroft and other libraries.

Ted Wurm
Oakland

FROM THE EDITOR

Dear reader,

New research breakthrough: In this issue of *The Californians*, we are extremely pleased to present you with exciting new research on a fascinating area of California history — the *first* presentation of this research to anyone outside of a small, specialized circle of scholars.

In "The Discovery of California: Breaking the Silence of the Siberia-to-America Migrants", Professor Otto von Sadowsky has given us the first evidence ever published establishing the linguistic link between California Indians and Asian tribes.

But in the manner of the most enjoyable historians, von Sadowsky uses the drama of his discovery to draw us into a fascinating, erudite description of the lives and experiences of these first colonists. These prehistoric explorers, who predated Columbus by two millennia, left no diaries or letters. But through his scientific detective work, von Sadowsky uses the *vocabulary* and the *changes* of their languages to bring their experiences close. It is as if their language taken as a whole is an enormous book describing their lives and their travels.

Von Sadowsky opens a window on their world: what they ate, what they wore, how they organized their society, how they worshipped — even what they sang. The breadth of the topic allows him to employ his great knowledge of the subject: he brings in evidence ranging from the habitat of salmon to Biblical quotations.

Linguists, archaeologists and anthropologists have long known that a linguistic chain connecting Asia and the New World must exist, and for decades have searched for the missing link. But

**Publishing
a history
book?**

there is a special reason that von Sadovszky was the first to make that connection.

He was born and received his early education in Hungary, a country whose racial and cultural origins include connections to tribes presently wandering the Siberian steppes. Hungarian school-children are taught about their common origins with certain Siberian tribes. With his training in languages, including Russian, when he came to California to study California Indian languages he became perhaps the only mind in Western culture with cultural and linguistic background and training circling the globe the long way around — through the 23 time zones from Siberia to Alaska. Perhaps this was the necessary perspective before Western man could grasp the key to unlocking the silence of those fishermen who came to California by the short route across the Bering Straits.

Von Sadovszky is pushing outward the frontiers of linguistics and anthropology with this article. His research is being presented in academic forums throughout the world. Because of the tremendous significance of his theory, there will be criticisms, modifications, new discoveries and extensions of his work. Thus, this article is really about two voyages of discovery — that of the aboriginal explorers of this fertile state, and that of modern Western man opening up uncharted intellectual territories.

Jean Sherrell

Jean Sherrell
Editor

Michael Sherrell

Michael Sherrell
Publisher

If you're planning to publish a history book, you probably know how expensive printing and typesetting have become. You also know that keeping your book's price low enough to encourage sales yet high enough to at least cover your own costs seems almost impossible.

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More dramatic also-rans have overshadowed the men and women who brought the first wagons over the Sierra.

Late November days along the Sierra crest usually carry strong hints of impending winter — low, fast-moving clouds as restless as sea-blown scud; a penetrating chill that passes through lightweight clothing with the sureness of a Green River knifeblade; a dry crackle in the air and a paucity of wildlife; and often a mantle of powdery snow drifted in freeform shapes against fallen trees.

November 25, 1844 — 140 years ago this month — was probably that kind of day, except that two feet of snow already covered the ground in sheltered places.

Elisha Stephens (usually misspelled Stevens) was the "captain" of a pioneer party which, during that day's span of hours, proceeded to take ox teams and covered wagons up the solid granite face of what is now called Donner Pass and across the Sierra summit.

These were the first wagons ever to do so.

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Courage and Controversy California-Style

By Carl Briggs

Certain incidents stand out like towering landmarks in the westward course of our nation, sometimes in justice to their rightful place in history, sometimes not. In many cases, it seems, drama overshadows significance, scenario tops reality, and fiction's fatuous tales build castles out of sandpiles.

Protagonists become larger than life, like William Cody and Jesse James and John C. Fremont — if I may be permitted to challenge the sovereignty of blowzy legends — and historical importance is accorded in direct ratio to theatrical impact. And in that process so do we lose touch and balance with our continuing attempts to discover the incident of truth and credibility. Don't we all get caught up in the colorful stuff of great novels? And the countless other exposures in our lifetimes of art as reality? Aren't we, after all, compelled to eschew the mundane?

This may or may not help to explain the historic fate of the Stephens-Townsend-Murphy Party. Its accomplishment has been largely overshadowed by more dramatic incidents immediately before and after. The Bartleson-Bidwell party tested the mighty barrier of the Sierra three years earlier, in 1841. They were the first emigrants ever to cross the Sierra Nevada. They made it, with considerable difficulty, but only by abandoning their wagons out in the middle of

Continued over

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Nevada. Two years after Elisha Stephens' success, in 1846-47, the Donner Party suffered the death of nearly half its number.

In 1844, no white man knew the existence of the Truckee River route, which became the original California Emigrant Trail. Chief Truckee, a Paiute for whom the river and a town were named, and the valley in which the city of Reno is located, pointed the way for Stephens and his scout, the celebrated mountain man Caleb Greenwood. They were shown the river near what is now the town of Wadsworth, Nevada, and turned west there. The wagons stayed close to the river, and often right in the boulder-choked bed of it, all the way to Donner Lake, known for several years after that as "Truckee's Lake."

Six of Elisha Stephens' party, including two women, continued to follow the Truckee River as it turned southward and were the first ever to stand on the shores of Lake Tahoe. They crossed the Sierra summit on horseback via McKinney Creek and the Rubicon country.

Meanwhile, the main party split its wagons at Donner Lake. Leaving six wagons behind, Stephens and his party hauled five of them over the Sierra crest on November 25, 1844, and in a large sense blazed a road which carried the bulk of the greatest migration in the history of man.

The wagons became stranded in snow at what is now the Big Bend Ranger Station, just off Interstate 80 west of the summit. These five wagons and the six left at Donner Lake were finally hitched up and hauled down to Sutter's Fort the following spring. One of the party, a lad named Moses Schallenberger, stayed at Donner through the winter in a crude log cabin.

No one died. Not a wagon was lost. There were many problems, many difficulties, but the Stephens-Townsend-Murphy Party never lost sight of its goal, never weakened, never despaired.

The mighty Pioneer Monument at Donner Memorial State Park is dedicated to all the covered wagon emigrants who traveled west under such extreme hardship, not just the Donner Party — although it is commonly called the "Donner Monument". I like to think the statue is perhaps more representative of groups other than the Donners, anyway. The magnificent bronze figures are looking up, toward the summit, standing foursquare with strength and resolution. The Donners did not, already stricken it would seem with the tragedy of their own fate. Despite the incredible courage and durability and heroism of individuals, the Donner Party, as an interdependent group, was already beaten by the time it reached the ground on which the monument stands.

It takes more than schnapps and 43,000 pounds of powder to make a *really* impressive splash in San Francisco Bay.

Let us now consider Col. Alexis Waldemar Von Schmidt. The West never suffered a paucity of colorful characters, so Von Schmidt had no trouble blending in. He possessed a stout engineering reputation, but seemed to get tangled up in his plumb lines often enough to cause sports to nudge each other and place wagers in saloons concerning the integrity of his mental faculties.

His accomplishments included construction of a dam at the outlet of Lake Tahoe in 1870 and establishment of one of several misdirected California-Nevada state boundary lines from Lake Tahoe to the Colorado River. Both of these projects created such massive controversies at the time that some of their echos can still be heard. Just ask the Pyramid Lake Paiutes about their riparian water rights.

Another time he revealed a grand plan to blast a tunnel through solid Sierra granite at an elevation of about 6,000 feet above sea level. His idea was to build a diversion dam on the Truckee River downstream from Tahoe and send millions of gallons of water daily through the mountains to San Francisco. Fortunately, this dream never materialized or he'd have lost his scalp before igniting the first charge of powder.

But Von Schmidt is perhaps best remembered for an undertaking in San Francisco Bay that survives in historical annals as a really big blast.

In 1826, Capt. Frederick Beechey of the British Navy sailed his sloop *Blossom* onto a rock midway between Alcatraz and Yerba Buena Island. "Blossom Rock," as it was afterward known, was part of a great submarine shelf regarded by seamen as a serious navigational hazard.

In 1866, the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers received orders to do something about the rock. At low tide it was only five feet under water, 190 feet long and 100 feet wide.

The Engineers called for bids to have the rock formation lowered to a depth of 24 feet at low tide. Von Schmidt said he would take on the job for \$75,000, and won the contract.

Work began in October 1869, by lowering a 10-foot-square coffer dam to the rock. His men sank a shaft 30 feet below low

water, then struck out into lateral galleries until they had hollowed a large chamber. The roof of this room was 15 feet thick. The plan was to pack the chamber with 43,000 pounds of powder and blast it to bits.

Von Schmidt, apparently enjoying his role as a *tapfer techniker*, issued a bulletin in April, 1870, that all was ready and San Francisco was about to witness one of history's great explosions.

Scientists placed timers along the bay shore from San Francisco to San Jose to clock progress of the expected shock wave. Boating parties were organized to pick up the tons of dead fish. Glaziers and stonemasons prepared for a rush of business to repair extensive damage, work that would keep them employed perhaps for years and make them all wealthy.

Spectators crowded the slopes of Telegraph Hill and jammed North Point and Meiggs Wharf. Hundreds of boats dotted the bay, no doubt keeping a discreet distance lest they be capsized by the anticipated tidal wave.

A warning gun boomed from Alcatraz at 1:28pm on April 23. Von Schmidt bobbed around in an open boat 800 feet away and at 2:05, perhaps after a fortifying dram of *schnapps*, turned the crank on a magneto, sending a spark into the underwater cavern filled with gunpowder.

There was a dull thud. A column of water shot into the air like a giant geyser, followed by another wave boiling up to form a dome 70 feet high. This disturbance rolled away in diminishing concentric swells.

The crowds cheered, steamers tooted, spectators fired guns, but the initial rush of excitement didn't last long. There was no earth-shaking shock, no resounding boom, no tidal wave, no broken windows or cracked masonry — and no dead fish.

The San Francisco *Chronicle*, in an editorial the next day, said that although the blast successfully lowered Blossom Rock, it failed miserably as a spectacle and that an Alcatraz cannon could make a lot more noise than Von Schmidt's 43,000 pounds of powder.

But then, the *Chronicle* opined, San Franciscans would probably have felt hoodwinked at anything short of complete vaporization of the bay.



Columnist Briggs is a retired journalist and author of the recently-published *Quarterdeck and Saddlehorn: The Story of Edward Fitzgerald Beale, 1822-1893*, for which he has won the Western Writers of America's Golden Spur Award.

VOICES FROM THE PAST

The 65 New Year's Eves of Anna Fader Haskell (1876-1942)

By Annegret Ogden

On December 31, 1876, when 18-year-old Anna Fader looked back on the past 12 months, she hardly realized that she had started a life-long habit. For 66 years she had filled every page of her daily diary, and each New Year's eve she dismissed the past with a wistful self-evaluation and greeted the future with a courageous "hail". Her quote for the end of 1876 — "The saddest love is love grown cold and it's one of its surest phases" — reappears many times over in one form or another, for Anna's lovers seldom brought her happiness. For a woman of her time she was remarkably candid about her relationships. The diary is therefore not only a vivid record of daily life in California from 1876 to 1942, but also an intimate portrait of a woman whose struggles as wife, mother and teacher were similar to those faced by women today.

Even before her ill-fated marriage to Burnette Gregor Haskell, she comments sadly on her attachments, particularly to Arthur, whose shortcomings take up her diaries until she must decide between him and Burnette. "Still I'm glad I am a woman (girl)," she underlines on January 1, 1877.

After completing school in Salinas she lived with her family in Sonoma County until 1881, when she moved to San Francisco to broaden her horizon. Her lifelong friendship with Helen Haskell led to a job on her brother Burnette's radical paper *Truth* and a much-needed place to stay in the Haskell home. It also led to a passionate and stormy marriage between two highly romantic kindred souls whose expectations of each other and of life in general seldom matched a reality fraught with financial problems and misunderstandings.

Their union started rationally enough with a marriage contract, signed by both parties on July 21, 1882 (unrecorded in the diary) and a New Year's resolution to stop smoking. Anna's year-end summary states ominously, "I suppose I ought to say something pathetic about the old year. — But I have nothing to say. . . . For better or for worse . . . I have set my life upon a cast — and I will stand the hazard of the dice."

On the actual wedding day, June 11,

1883 (also Burnette's 26th birthday), she writes, "I am married now. The idea that such a few little words can change my name. Judge Sharp performed the ceremony. There were no others here beside the family and Katie [her stepsister] and Mr. Starkenather. Everything went off nicely, we all looked well, etc. They have all gone now, but Burnette and me, always Burnette and me now — bless my dear husband." Burnette adds in his own hand, "My dear wife looked perfect. She had fixed her hair as I love it and she made me a bouquet of heliotrope. I am more happy than pen or pencil can say. Her eyes are so sweet."

During this first year of marriage, Burnette was totally involved with organizing the International Workingman's Association. Like many a politician's wife, Anna had to spend many evenings without her husband and many days working for his cause setting type and answering mail for the *Truth*. The words "alone again" appear with regular frequency from now on. Burnette Haskell's efforts to strengthen the trade unions of the Bay Area and to launch a unifying radical movement in the United States patterned after Marx's First International culminated in 1885, when he founded the Coast Seamen's Union. Although the *Truth* went bankrupt in 1884, a general labor convention in San Francisco in May 1885 led to a central labor federation under IWA leadership. The IWA disintegrated a few years later, but by then Burnette was busy with his plans for a socialist utopia in the Sequoia forests.

To what extent Burnette's politics contributed to the marital rift and to what extent the young couple suffered from growing pains resulting from the union of two strong individuals will never be known. By 1884, Burnette was accusing Anna of walking over him and making his life hell, while she was complaining that she was treated like an interloper in his house:

I have never had a home and now that I am married I shall never have a home and yet there is positively no one to blame, only I want to be treated equally and fairly. I shall never

have any little children, I shall always be too busy looking after your folks and I have some peculiar ideas on privacy in some respects.

She was wrong about never having any children, but she never did get much privacy, nor enough attention from Burnette. When Burnette returned from a trip to Oregon on February 21, 1886, Anna writes sarcastically:

Well, Mr. Haskell arrived home this morning. He condescended to come in and kiss me several times and recount his triumphs. . . . He is wrapped up in himself — some men care for their wives, simply because they are their wives — but not him — he will not even address letters to me as Mrs. B.G. Haskell — for fear — I perceive that I might detract something from his glory — not that I would accept even that from him — I believe maybe, I am a little out of humor.

Possibly, the reason was that she was eight months pregnant.

On March 7, 1886, she did not write. But later she fills in the news:

I did not know this morning when I arose that when another day should dawn I should be a mother. I felt badly all day — Mr. Gilfrid was here and we all played faro until 12 on. I smoked and smoked and smoked. — No one will know how I have struggled against smoking and it seemed impossible for me to give it up. I am up and around now for a long time — and it seems strange to look back upon the time when there was no baby in the house, everything is so different now in some ways — "A baby in the house is a wellspring of pleasure." How strange it all seems.

The new parents took their role seriously. Proudly they assembled an elaborately-decorated scrapbook with pictures, poems, congratulations and childhood anecdotes, titled "A History of the Babyhood of Victor Verulam Astaroth Haskell."

Astaroth was Burnette's mystical, guiding spirit and Anna believed the name would bring luck. Much given to writing, the whole family added contributions to baby's history. Anna's mother, whose poems are published in local newspapers, sent poetry. Burnette not only kept track of Roth's progress in the scrapbook but also of his own by recording important political rallies. The album indicates not only the importance of the child in Anna and Burnette's life, but also the general awakening interest in early childhood. The scrapbook stops when Roth was four years old and the family moved to Kaweah. Anna's diary kept up with her son's development.

For awhile the family lived in Berkeley, then they moved back to San Francisco. On January 2, 1889 Anna spends the day packing and writes, "We shall have to have some roomers or boarders if we shall be able to get them . . . then I shall have to work — but I don't care and working hard is about the best thing there is — I guess — after all." Yet the next day she laments, "There will be an awful lot of work to do keeping things clean. I don't know how I shall be able to do it. I don't want to keep any more boarders — but I don't mind having two or three roomers. Oh — dear — this everlasting scrabble to make ends meet is enough to kill the strongest person in the world."

Nine months later they move again. This time to Kaweah. With his friend James Martin and other former IWA members, Burnette Haskell had created the Co-operative Land Purchase and Colonization Association to file for land that was then available for claim in the Sequoia forests 40 miles east of Visalia. The group intended to purchase the land and harvest the timber cooperatively as an alternative to the capitalist economy. The Kaweah colony attracted a mixture of farmers, professional men, union men and craftsmen — some radical, some idealistic, some opportunistic. For Anna, the workload increased as their funds dwindled in the failing venture. Besides keeping house under primitive conditions and helping Burnette in the office, she added teaching school to her exhausting duties.

On New Year's eve 1891, Anna celebrated "the dismissal of 91 — bad luck to it, by sitting up around our own fire place, if you please — which has no chimney — it is true but holds a glorious fire nevertheless — and makes even candy [made by Burnette]. . . . Well good bye 91 — the most miserable year I ever passed. If '92 is no better I have no use for it. Selah!"

One year later, in 1892, she looks back at backbreaking labor but has "no regrets. It has been a hard year for us financially, but

thank heaven 'we still live.' Had a nice letter from Burnette, he had no good news to tell. He did not get the position, but he did not expect it. He has to go hungry sometimes, poor old boy, it makes my heart bleed . . . well good bye 1892 — for what good thou has given I thank thee — Salut."

The 1893 volume is inscribed "To Annie from her husband and lover Burnette". It ends on December 1893: "I have no philosophy in me. . . . I am tired of striving for what it seems I have no power to accomplish. I lack even determination and persistence — I am sick of trying to be good and I suppose I have never even really tried."

Eventually, the hardships of life at the colony and recriminations from community members took a cruel toll on Anna and Burnette's marriage. Shortly after their return to San Francisco, Anna summed up the year on December 31, 1895: "God grant that the New Year may bring my mother her reason and me some peace of mind. The old has been one long agony and I am glad it is dead and gone." Her mother died the next year, apparently from Alzheimer's disease. And in April Anna separated from Burnette. Increasingly despondent over his failure, he had accused her in one of his alcoholic rages of trying to poison his father. By December 31, she had no hope of anything good coming to her in 1897, but felt that the New year can be "no more bitter than this has been. I have borne this, but how can I bear another."

However, this is only volume 20 of her diary. Although she could not have known it at that low time, she had 42 more diaries ahead of her that would, increasingly, describe good years. She has Roth to educate. On December 30, 1897, he "has been crosser than two sticks" and has eaten too much cake. He also has a bad temper: "Impatience is his greatest fault." Then she adds, with typical self-criticism, "I suppose I also am impatient. I try to influence him in the right way — but he is strong headed and hard willed and I suppose must work out his salvation in his own way — as I have had to do, only I haven't worked it out yet by any means — but I will always keep trying."

In 1898, Anna resumes her teaching that she had started in Kaweah. For the next 23 years, her classes take her to various counties in Northern California, but she celebrates most of her New Year's eves with family and friends in San Francisco. Her students offer her considerably more satisfaction than her romantic attachments, though the latter no longer cause her to lose her equanimity. "My heart has been very sore," she confesses on December 31, 1905, "but I guess it is over now and I am going to try to be hap-

pier this glad new year — Farewell and God be with thee, you have given me an added experience anyway, so thanks and farewell." 1906 turns out to be "a good enough year I guess — earthquake and all."

She eventually overcomes her bitterness toward Burnette and will eat dinner with him once in a while or play chess with him. After his death in 1907, she puts flowers on his grave every year on his birthday, which is also their wedding anniversary. At the outset of World War II, she regrets that she is too old to fight Hitler, and keeps up with the war daily on the radio, noting down battles and strategies. By March 1942, she wrote wearily:

If I could stop trying to carry the war on my shoulders — the Unions — Administration — 5th columns — all the ills of my friends — my selfishness — I would be o.k. . . . We are losing so many ships — and so many sailors. My heart has always been very tender to the men aboard ships. "The men who go down to the sea in ships." [Her father was a sailor.]

There would be no New Year's eve for Anna that year. She died in November. Her last entry is on Wednesday, November 4, 1942: "Gertrude heard over the radio that [Earl] Warren was elected — of course the Chronicle did not come. — I'll have to have more news than that."



From author to reader: These excerpts are from a 65-volume diary in The Bancroft Library that has never been published. It is part of the Haskell family papers, which include also letters and diaries of Burnette Haskell and of other family members. The Bancroft Library houses a large collection of documents regarding the Kaweah Colony. An honors thesis by Dane Kennedy, "The Kaweah Colony" (March 16, 1973), gives a good summary of the events. Burnette Haskell's role in the International Workingmen's Association is treated in Chapter X of *A History of the Labor Movement in California* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1935).

Columnist Ogden, a research librarian at The Bancroft Library, writes and lectures extensively on California history. Her book on the history of the American housewife will be published in early 1986, and her research on the American pioneer wife will be published in our special "California Women" issue, July/Aug '86.

The Discovery of California: Breaking the Silence of the Siberia-to- America Migrators

By Otto J. von Sadovszky

This article is dedicated to the memory of the California women, men and children and their descendants, who demonstrated boundless courage and heroism during their journey from Eurasia to California.

The sea breeze carried words, strange and incomprehensible, toward the inhabitants of the small Caribbean island of Guanahani, later known as San Salvador. Life on the huge boat stirred at the early dawn of October 12, 1492, and a band of excited men rowed to the beach. Uttering "animal like sounds", they planted a stick with a colorful cloth in the sand, then fell on their knees and sang a not unpleasant song. They were visibly moved when the words "... ad te clamamus exules filii Hevae ..." ("... we the exiled sons of Eve, call on you ...") reverberated

In this article, for technical reasons, the linguistic items are written without diacritic marks — signs of palatalization, glottalization, etc. Consequently, before quoting any of the technical linguistic representations, consult the original sources for the diacritic marks.

among the trees and ascended toward the sky.

The "Indios" watched these strangers in a new land and listened to them sing from a safe distance, behind bushes and trees. Thus began one of the most significant cultural and linguistic clashes in human history. The "Indios" had no doubt that these creatures were respectable. For them, all existence was respectable. This deep-seated philosophical state of mind later proved almost fatal to them.

In contrast, like all westerners the Spaniards made a strong dichotomy between man and beast. They considered themselves direct descendants of Adam and Eve, exiles from the paradise where they gave names to the animals and controlled their destiny. Originally their mother tongue was the language spoken by Mother Eve. But another sinful act confused the languages of their ancestors at Babel and God, in his great dissatisfaction, hid or threw away the code. It was since considered to be presumptuous to try to recover this code from the secret hiding place or from the junk pile of history. Thus the lack of understanding among humans became the will of God.

Returning to Spain, the Spaniards took with them 10 natives. According to the testimony of de Anghiera, "... the language of all these islands is supposed to be written

down which as he [Columbus] established was possible to do without any difficulty in Latin letters. They call namely sky 'turei', house 'boa', gold 'cauni', a good man 'tayno', nothing 'mayani'. And also the other words they pronounce just as clearly as we do [pronounce] latin."

Later, however, when it was established that immense waters separate the newly-discovered land from the Garden of Eden, wise men started to question the Indians' ancestral birthrights and entitlements. Also, where had they come from? Could these simple people have crossed the endless waters of the Pacific Ocean?

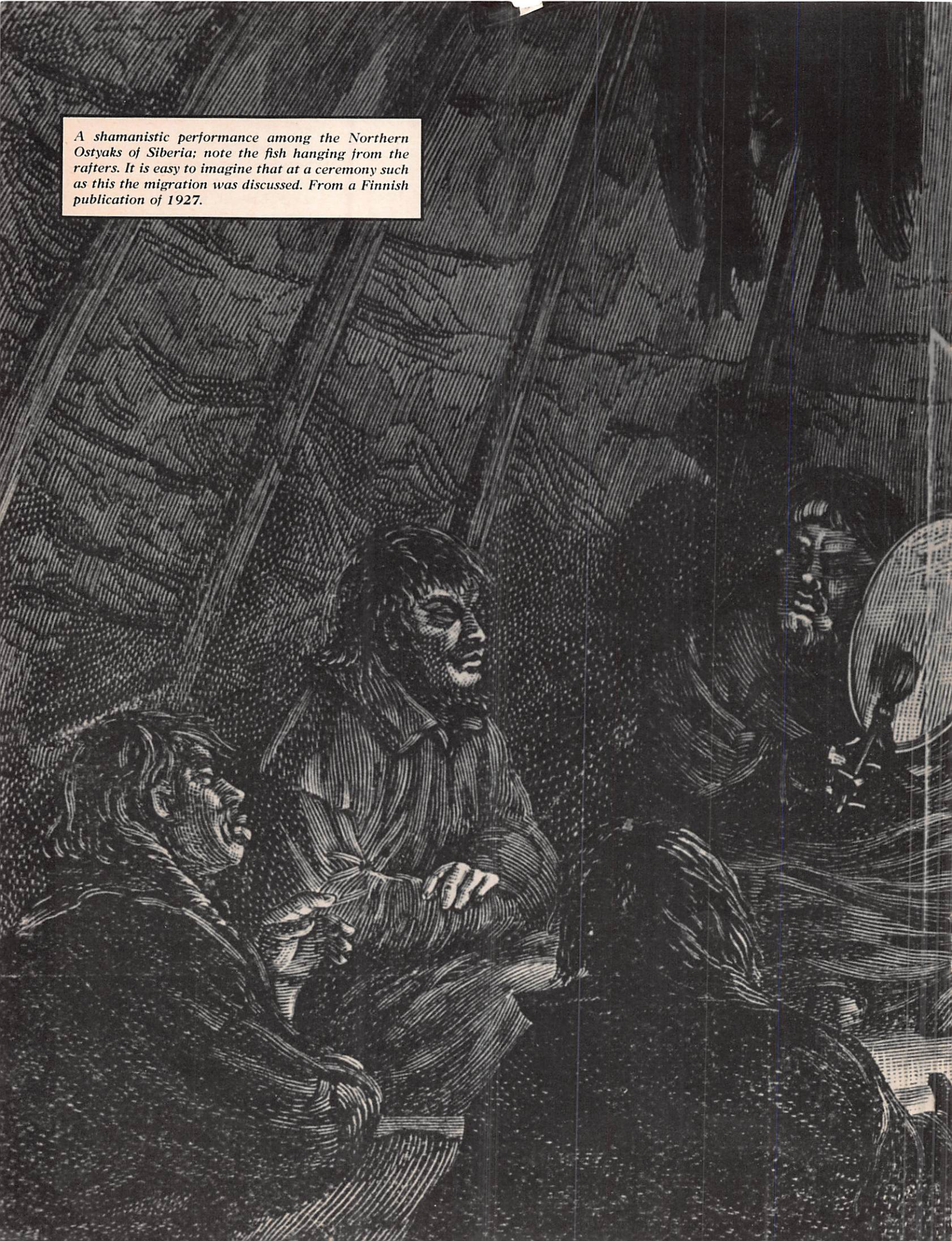
Peruvian Jesuit Padre Jozef de Acosta came up with an ingenious solution. He proposed that America in the Northwest must not be "altogether severed or disjoined" from the Old World. This closeness between Asia and America allowed the migration of the men and animals rescued by Noah's Ark into the New World. Thus the world was presented with a theological argument positing the physical existence and the geographical position of the Bering Strait and, simultaneously, proposing the original route taken by the ancestors of the American Indians.

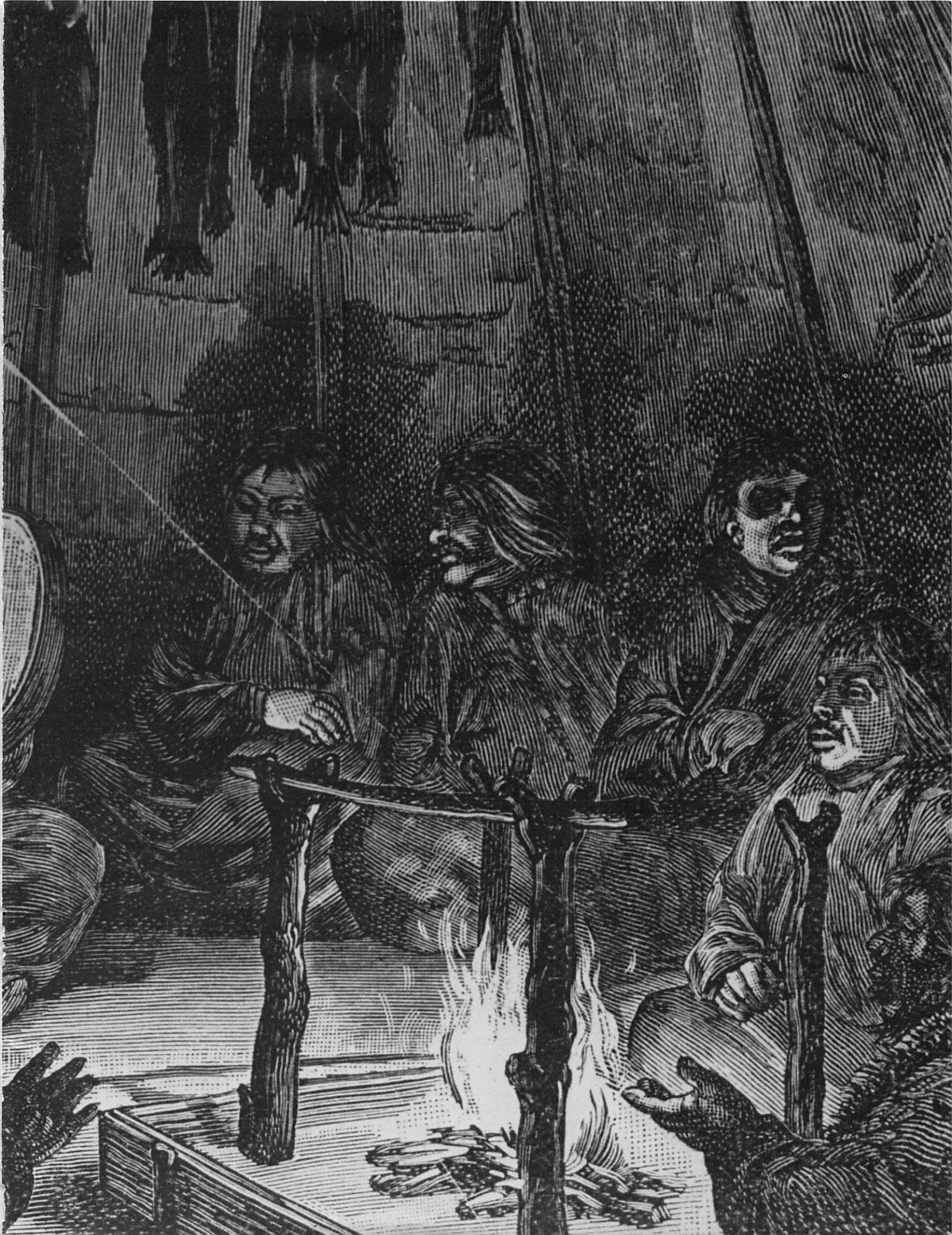
All long-distance migration theories follow essentially the same line of reasoning and fall into four major categories — the arguments of the physical anthropologists, the arguments derived from archaeology, comparative ethnography and comparative linguistics.

All physical anthropologists agree that the American Indians came from Asia. The Indians of the Americas, more varied than the white man, exhibit marginal mongoloid general features. Lately, Turner's outstanding studies on dentition established that the first American Indians must have left their original homeland after the time 40,000 years ago that "shoveling of the upper incisors was already well developed in Asia." The archaeological evidence maps out some of the routes taken by the ancestors of the present-day Indians. And Thomas Y. Canby summarizes the state of the art for the intelligent reader in his 1979 article. Add to all this the sporadically-presented ethnographic material concerning creation myths, religion and social structure, and we have a fairly good idea about the origin of the American Indian.

One crucially important argument, however, was still lacking until recently: the argument derived from related languages. Despite sporadic arguments and a great array of false claims, there was very little linguists could offer that would shed light on the original homeland of the Indians in Eurasia. This absence of linguistic argument was most regrettable because it is both the most

A shamanistic performance among the Northern Ostyaks of Siberia; note the fish hanging from the rafters. It is easy to imagine that at a ceremony such as this the migration was discussed. From a Finnish publication of 1927.





For too long, false assumptions distracted linguists from the truth of the data all around — from the ahistoric nature of the California Indian to the similarities between Siberia and California.

My discovery of this new linguistic relationship was long in coming because, like my colleagues, I subscribed to a common error. In the long-range comparative field, we believed that because we were dealing with long-distance comparison in space (*diatopic*) we were also dealing with long distance in time (*diachronic*). Thus, if the Indians came from far away, they must also have come a long time ago — no linguistic evidence indicated otherwise. Unfortunately, this assumption came to mean that one could not *prove* the situation to be otherwise. So all contrary data were neglected and dismissed as impossible. E.g., we would ask ourselves, "If some Indians *did* come just a few thousand years ago, why did they not retain a memory of their wandering?" Of course we should have, but did not, answer ourselves that strong taboos connected with the deceased made the California Indian completely ahistorical. Alfred Kroeber once was asking about the history of a tribe, and the Indian replied, "I do not tell stories about dead people."

Other oversights and errors also flowed logically from our basic wrong assumption. There was, for example, the tacit belief in one single migration of the Central California Penutians, after which came the slow division and branching out of the languages. Were this true, then the historical linguist should have been able to reconstruct the original Penutian language spoken here in California. But the great diversity in California indicates that there were *several* migrations into California. (Archaeological data in Central California also clearly supports the relatively recent arrival of the California Penutians.) Perhaps the relatively short time here was not sufficient for the development of distinct linguistic features. The features that do exist reflect various distinct dialects, alien influences acquired during their journey in Asia and in California after their arrival. Being Hungarian and so acquainted with the great pool of languages in Asia, many of the problems I encountered in California linguistics became easy to solve.

LANGUAGE DIVISIONS

EURASIA

Uralic

Finno-Ugrian

Finnic

Finnish
Lappish
Mordvin
Cheremis
Votyak
Ziryene

Ugrian

Ob-Ugrian
Vogul
Ostyak
Hungarian

Samoyed

Yurak
Yenissey
Tavgi
Selkup
Kamassian

CALIFORNIA

Penutian

Costanoan

Mutsun
Rumsen
Chochenyo

Miwok

Bodega Miwok
Marin Miwok
Clear Lake Miwok
Plains Miwok
Northern Sierra Miwok
Central Sierra Miwok
Southern Sierra Miwok

Wintun

Wintun
Nomlaki
Patwin

Maiduan

Maidu
Konkow
Nisenan

Yokutsan

Yawelmani
Yawdanchi
Chukchansi

False preconceptions about Siberia and California — the tendency to think of the former as a frozen wasteland and the latter as balmy and moderate — also erected psychological barriers in the path of a new theory. In fact, Siberia, with its northern tundra and its forested taiga, is very similar to Canada, which millions of Indians called their home. Food in Siberian forests was abundant, and long summer days richly compensated for long winter nights. Bear, wolf, fox, wolverine, deer, beaver, otter, mink and squirrel provided food and fur; and the immense waters contained abundant fish and attracted swans, cranes, geese and ducks. Berries, bulbs and pinenuts were plentiful.

The Central and Northern California fauna and flora and the wildlife of the Sierra Nevada can be similarly described. California's more balanced seasons provided even more food, including acorn, the staple food of many California Indians. Since prehistoric times, the California climate attracted many tribes, making California one of the most complex linguistic areas of the world.

In Northwest Siberia along the mighty Ob River and its tributaries live the Voguls

and the Ostyaks — collectively called Ob-Ugrians. Together with the Hungarians, who separated from them more than 2,000 years ago, the Ob-Ugrians constitute the Ugrian branch of the Finno-Ugrian linguistic family. The Yurak Samoyeds or Nenets, the Yenissey Samoyeds or Enets and the other Samoyed groups are also related to them. They occupy the arctic tundra, the taiga and the mountains of South Siberia. The Finno-Ugrians and Samoyeds together constitute the Uralic linguistic family. This family, together with Yukagir, presently occupy a vast area extending from Hungary and, in the north, from Finland across Eurasia to the Anadir River, south of the Bering Strait. Consequently, it was not surprising to find their relatives on the American continent — the closest relatives living in Central California. This group, called the Penutians, occupied the territory along the Sacramento and San Joaquin and their tributaries as well as the Pacific Coast from Bodega Bay to Big Sur.

I discovered that this Central California group is closely related to the Ob-Ugrian branch of the large Uralic family, and also identified several features that could only be explained by a strong Samoyed (especially

Yurak and some Yukagir) influence. It was also evident that the various California groups left their Eurasiatic homeland after the beginning of the dialectical division of the Ugrian languages — an aid in dating the departure of the Californians from their original homeland.

Because the California languages are so close to the Ob-Ugrians, it is fitting to call them Cal-Ugrians. This term also means that the California Penutian forms are derivable from the Proto Finno-Ugrian or Proto Uralic reconstructed forms. The same rules that govern the Ugrian and Ob-Ugrian languages govern also, to a great extent, the California Penutian languages. This accounts for the closeness of the linguistic forms seen in the examples that will follow.



The "kewel" was four feet below the surface of the ground, and so is referred to as semi-subterranean — explaining the origin of the Northern Wintuan name for it: "lut". The word "lut" in Ostyak means "ditch, excavation, grave". A grave where a person is buried is also called "lut". Many of the archaeological sites, easily identified as prehistoric semi-subterranean house sites in Northwestern Siberia, are also called "lut" or "lot". The California archaeologist also identifies the original location of a lut from an indentation in the ground. The lut was the exclusive property of the chief. On his death, he was buried there and the ceremonial house was burned down.

After leaving their Siberian homeland, the Ob-Ugrians retained the memory of the cold in the old country. Words and their cognates for (that is, other words related to) cold, frost, snow and ice are still found in their vocabulary in California. E.g., the Vogul *asirma* means "freezing cold". The close cognate of this word among the Mut-sun was recorded by Padre Felipe Arroyo de la Cuesta in 1815 at the San Juan Bautista Mission. The Indians called "freezing cold" *asirim pire* (*pire*, "time, weather, etc."). It is a rare form: fortunately, Padre Juan Comelias recorded it also in 1856 in Santa Cruz at Monterey Bay, noting *asir* for "winter".

They had been acquainted with earthquakes in Northern Eurasia, but once across the Bering Strait, they entered one of the most earthquake-prone territories on earth. Trembles must have been frequent occurrences along the Pacific Coast — their language contains several words for earthquake. The Voguls still refer to the earth-

quake with the verb *nowiti*, "to shake, to quake". Earthquakes were also common phenomena to the California Indian. Several of my consultants, for example, could still remember "when the bottom of the earth fell" in Sacramento Valley. The Voguls in Western Siberia refer to the earthquake with the verb *nowiti*; in Marin County, the Miwok Indians also use the verb *nowit*. They call the earthquake *wea nowit* (*wea* means "earth"). In Maidu, *nywyn* means "to swing" and "to rock", including also a child's swing hung on a tree, whereas the Vogul *nowiti* refers also to the child swing hanging from the tree. The root *now* for expressing earthquake was also used by Popov when he translated portions of the Bible into Vogul. He rendered Matthew

identical to the Ostyak meanings, namely, "hill, mountain, island". The word is well known to all inhabitants of the San Francisco Bay area as the second part of the name of the prominent Mt. Tamalpais (Tamalpais, "West Hill").

The word *tamal* has various meanings in Western Miwok: "north", "northwest", "upper" (in Clear Lake Miwok); "west", "coast", "west coast" (in Bodega Bay Miwok) and "Bodega people", "Coast people" and "mountain" or "above" (in Marin County Miwok). *Tamal-ko* means the Coast people. *Ko* designates people in California just as it does in Ostyak. Furthermore, the word *tamal* is a Siberian word meaning "Ostyak". The Selkup Samoyeds (*Sel-ku-p*, "earth people") call the Ostyaks *tamal-kup*, "upstream people". In Ostyak, the equivalent term would be *Tamel-ko*. The close cognate of this word *Tamal-ko* means, in Marin County Miwok, the Bodega people or the Tomales people living at Tomales Bay. Finally, *Tamal-pais* can also mean "Ostyak Hill".

Linguistics reveal much of how the Ob-Ugrians lived and what they valued in this new land they discovered — this land, California, that satisfied all their desires.

Placenames and other evidence indicate that the main groups of the Central California Indians entered California from the ocean at Bodega, San Francisco and Monterey bays. The Ob-Ugrians were outstanding littoral navigators. The vast inundations of the Ob and other Siberian rivers and the Bay of Ob were excellent schools for navigation. On their fishing trips, which often lasted for several months, they took along their family and all their belongings, including their dogs. Chernetsov and others established a possible contact between the Ob and the Bering Strait. Any arctic hunter and fisherman has to have excellent sense of direction, and there is evidence that the Ob-Ugrians moved to the south consciously. In California, free from demographic pressures, they observed the migration of the birds and sea mammals and the salmon. Because salmon ran only as far south as Big Sur in California, this was the end of the journey for the Ob-Ugrians, mainly fishermen. They'd found what they were looking for — a new homeland. The

24:7, "And there shall be . . . earthquakes . . ." with the words *ma nowne* "earthquakes". (The word *ma* means "earth".)

The Ob-Ugrians, specifically the Ostyaks, refer to the hills, steep riverbanks, peninsulas and islands in the middle of the swamps as *paj* (*pai*). Because their settlements were located mostly on these hills or islands, the word *paj* often occurs in the placenames of their homeland. We find along the Irtysh River such names as *Tabason pai* ("Storage Hill") and *Tunt-mox xotan pai* ("Gosling Hut Hill"); even *wos pai* ("town hill") refers to the remnants of an old town. In California, the Indians north of San Francisco used an identical word to designate hills, islands and mountains. Kostromitonov, the Russian colonist who recorded the language of the Indians around Bodega Bay, wrote *pai* for mountains. Subsequent investigators wrote *pajis* or *pajih*. In Marin County Miwok, it is written as *paj-is* by Henshaw and others. The meanings are



Ostyak women and children, around 1900, ready to go to market. The Ob-Ugrian name of these temporary structures, covered with birchbark or reindeer skin, is reflected in Penutian languages in concepts such as "to rest", "to live and to stay somewhere", and "to sit down".

Ob-Ugrians must have had many stops of extended periods during their long journey, but it was only the discovery of California that satisfied all their desires.

A Mutsun word most likely reflects the discovery of Monterey Bay. *Sasa*, in Costanoan Mutsun, means "to discover" and "to find land". This word has cognates in other California Indian languages also. For example, the Vogul word *sose*, "living, being at, etc.", is well represented in Wintu. The Trinity County Wintu call the Shasta County Wintu *puy-sus*, "living on the east". *Puy* means "behind"; also, the Vogul word *puj* means "behind". As different river valleys in California were settled, one after the other, the *puy* words were convenient references for the new settlers.

The nomadic arctic hunter and fisherman carried with him all material necessary to construct a tipi-like shelter when the need arose — poles and rolls of birchbark or skins. The Yurak Samoyeds (Nenets) called their temporary settlements, composed of these structures, *n-issi*. The word *nissi* originally meant "to stop during the wandering, to rest, to erect a tent, to settle" and, finally, "settlement". It is related to the Vogul *isi* — "to settle down and to rest as birds settle during their flight." In California, Mutsun reflects a similar concept — *isi-we*, "to rest" — and in Maidu Nisenan, is, "to live and to stay somewhere"; also *is-kit*, "to sit down". This word seems to express only a temporary settlement; permanent housing and set-

tlements require much more elaborate structures.

Voguls called most of their permanent structures *kwel*, "house"; their permanent towns and villages, *us* or *wos*. The corresponding California Indian words are very similar — *kewel*, *use* and *bos*. Although there are other names, these are very common and, as the historical comparison indicates, ancient. Also remember that the favorable California climate often made permanent housing and settlements unnecessary. The need for strongly-constructed, permanent shelter arose only in the north and in the foothill region. In South Wintuan, among the Patwin, the house was called *kewel*. This word must have been the original form. Nearly all the words referring to parts of this structure have close Ob-Ugrian equivalents. The roof is called *kewel panti*, in Vogul *kwel pant-i*; the bottom or basement, *ken-ti*, in Vogul *ken*; the entrance, *pes*, in Vogul *pes*; the central forked pole supporting the rafters, *tow*, in Vogul *tow*. And the wall, rafters, stringers etc. all have Ob-Ugrian equivalents.

The allocation of place in the ceremonial house is called *wole* ("place"). To identify the status of a person, the Wintuans would ask, "What is your *wole*?" The answer might be, "My *wole* is to the right of the chief." The Northern Ostyak word for "place" is *wol*. The ceremonial house — a much larger variety of the living house — was the pride of the community. The In-

dian placenames ending in *kewel* around Paskenta (in California, about half-way between San Francisco and Redding), usually indicate the location of such a ceremonial house. In general, however, *kewel* means "village". Similar meaning change occurred from the Vogul *kwel* ("house") to the Finnish *kyla* ("village"). This is the only known cognate of the Vogul *kwel*. It occurs in many Finnish placenames. Now we have a chain crossing the continents: Finnish *kyla* - Vogul *kwel* - Patwin *kewel* - Nomlaki *kewel*.

The Vogul form for "town" and "village" (*us*) we find in Santa Cruz, where *use* means village. The Vogul word is clearly related to the Ostyak word *wos*, which means the same thing. Everywhere in Northwestern Siberia we can encounter villages that have *wos* at the end of their name — for example, *Jem-wos* ("Holy Town"), *Lanki-wos* ("Squirrel Town"), *Lor-wos* ("Lake Town"). And *wos* often refers to the "town" as such — e.g. Tobolsk or Surgut. Wintu has a close cognate of this important word. The upper reaches of the Sacramento River is full of names of settlements ending in *-bos*. The word is clearly related to Ostyak because the *b-* to *w-* correspondence is regular. Schlichter lists the meanings of *bos* as "home, house residence, tribe, living, etc." Several of the neighboring tribes are referred to as *Nor-bos* ("Southern Tribe"), *Wai-bos* ("Northern Tribe"). And Edward Curtis, who did his monumental study of the American Indian



Ostyak women at the turn of the century. Physical anthropologists refer to these types as Americanoids, indicating a genetic link between Ob-Ugrians and American Indians. American Indians features are marginally mongoloid, although their physical types vary more than those of white men. Lately, studies on tooth shape have added to the evidence of an ancestral relationship between American Indians and Siberians.

between 1907 and 1930, lists 22 settlements ending in *-bos (-bas)*. E.g., *Tanai-n-bas* ("Cedar Home"), *Tubaste-n-bas* ("Stump Home"), *Teki-n-bas* ("Waterfall Home").

The California hunter and his Siberian counterpart shared similar hunting tactics, weapons and prey — as well as the words describing their life in the forests

The Asiatic hunter had to be well equipped to support his wife, his children and himself during his long journey — thus he arrived well equipped at his new home in California. He retained his late paleolithic hunting tools — sufficient to meet his daily needs — until the arrival of the white man. His Siberian relatives were still using the bow and arrow in the early 20th century. Bows were not as loud as rifles and their blunt arrows did not damage valuable fur. The California hunter used the same composite recurved bow as the Siberian Indian. They were nearly identical. The California bow was backed with deer sinew with a generous application of salmon glue, causing its backward curve. The Ob-Ugrian bow was also backed — not with deer sinew but

Nol, not "arrow" (Ostyak, south); *not*, "arrow" (Wintu).

Kaliv, "bowstring" (Vogul); *kali*, "bowstring" (Wintu, Parwin).

Tul, "quiver" (Ostyak, north); *tulim*, "quiver" (Clear Lake Miwok).

Kesi, "knife" (Vogul); *kice*, "knife" (Central Sierra Miwok).

Jali, "flint" (Yenissey); *lariyi*, "obsidian, flint" (Maidu, Nisenan).

Wel, "to catch, kill" (Ostyak); *wel-*, "to catch, look for" (Southern Sierra Miwok).

Some of the animals that he hunted are listed here, also giving the Ob-Ugrian term first, the Cal-Ugrian second:

Nop, "young elk" (Vogul); *nop*, "deer" (Wi Wintu).

Sos, "weasel" (Ostyak, north); *sas-sasi*, "weasel" (Maidu, Konkow).

Xuntel-kontel, "beaver" (Vogul); *kotul*, "beaver" (Wintu, Nomlaki).

Uska-n, "rabbit" (Ostyak, south); *oske*, "jack rabbit" (Maidu, Konkow).

Nomu, "rabbit" (Samoyed, Tavgi); *nomeh*, "cottontail rabbit" (Clear Lake Miwok).

The California hunter set up converging

fences to catch deer or ran them down with

his dog. Both are Siberian devices. During

the salmon runs, he set up weirs to catch *hul*

hur (Wintu, Patwin), "trout" *hul* (Clear

Lake Miwok) and every kind of "fish" (*hol*,

in Maidu, Nisenan). The Vogul word *hul*,

"fish", also applied to various kinds of

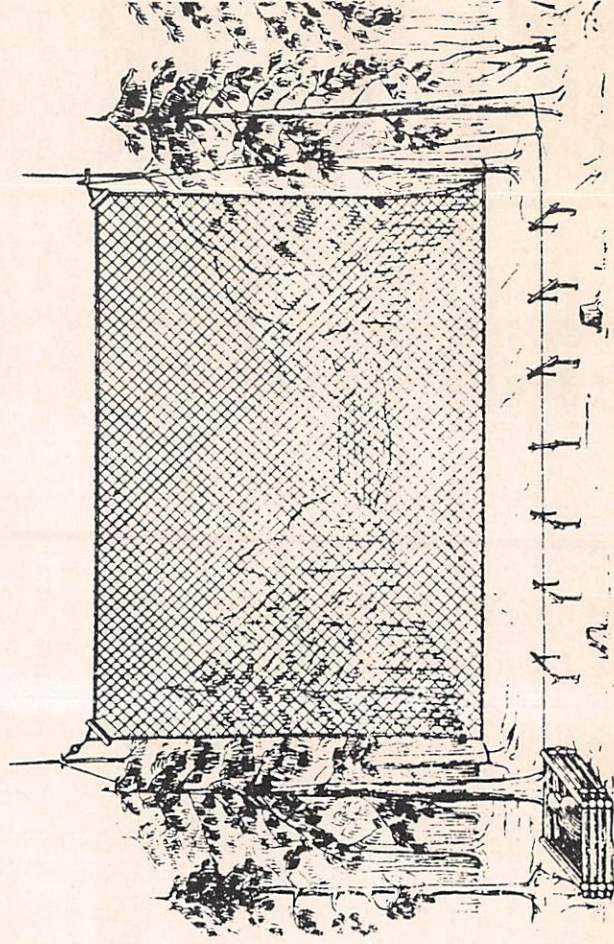
"salmon" and "trout". So he essentially

retained the same word along his journey

when he was following the salmon. Besides

salmon and trout, he also considered the

following to be great delicacies (Ob-Ugrian



A bird-net, used in both Siberia and California. During the moulting season, with this ingenious device five men could catch several thousand birds within just a few days.

term first, Cal-Ugrian second):

Bakunu, "sturgeon" (Samoyed, Tavgi); *bokin*, "sturgeon" (Wi Wintu).

Xat, "eel" (Ostyak, south); *hat*, "lamprey eel" (Wi Wintu).

Pu, "fish eggs, caviar" (Samoyed, Yurak);

puu, "fish eggs, caviar" (Clear Lake Miwok).

The arrival of the geese, duck, cranes, swans and other water birds marked the preparation for the bird hunt. Waterbirds were abundant in the sluggish waters of the bays, but the Central Delta region and the lower course of the Sacramento River, with its millions of waterbirds, presented such a sight that the padres and other travelers could not find the words to describe it. (The Russian colonizers also recorded the awe they felt on first beholding the abundance of waterbirds inhabiting the vast inundations of the Ob and its tributaries in Northwest Siberia.)

The California hunter retained an ingenious Siberian device, the bird-net, to catch almost as many birds as he wanted. During the moulting season, when the geese and ducks lost and changed their feathers, the hunters drove them into these nets. From both Siberia and California, catch reports are almost incredible. Within a few days, five men could catch several thousand birds. Sometimes nets were set up in the path of the flying birds, higher than those set for the moulting birds. The Samoyeds were the great masters of these nets. This is reflected in the Bodega Miwok word *poke* ("bird-net"), which corresponds to Selkup Samoyed *pok* ("net"), Yenisey Samoyed *poga*, *foga* ("net") and Yurak Samoyed *ponka* ("net, bird net").

Some of the birds that our hunter would catch (Ob-Ugrian term first, Cal-Ugrian second):

Lak, "goose" (Vogul); *lak* "goose" (Penutian).

Was, "duck" (Vogul); *wat-wat*, "duck" (Southern Sierra Miwok).

Paj, "duck" (Ostyak, east); *poje*, "duck" (Maidu, Nisenan).

Tora, "crane" (Ostyak, north); *tore*, "crane" (Wi Wintu).



A Vogul "apa", drawn in the field in the early 1900s. With this device the Ob-Ugrian women carried their children on their backs halfway across the earth. The structural elements and their linguistic equivalents survived the trip — with the exception of the substitution of woven material for the birchbark. The apa features a bow top which was covered to ward off sun or rain.

Mothering, magic, religion and marriage in California Indian society all carry echos of life and belief among faraway Siberian relatives.

Meanwhile, the female members of the household were busy collecting berries,

mushrooms, bulbs and roots. During the acorn harvest, the women gathered acorns. The Siberian immigrant quickly learned the art of gathering, grinding, pounding and leaching from the native population. It is significant that linguistic evidence provides little information about the acorn. Pinenuts, however, were gathered in both parts of the world; chewing of the larch resin was also an important common practice. Some of the fruits of the earth our California woman would have gathered include (again, with

the Ob-Ugrian word first and the Cal-Ugrian word second):

Sana, "pine nuts" (Samoyed, Kamassian); *saanak*, "pine nuts" (Clear Lake Miwok).

Amp, "elder" (Vogul); *ap*, "elder" (Wintu).

Pil, "berries" (Vogul); *piila*, "toyon berries" (Clear Lake Miwok).

Mukol, "wild plum" (Samoyed, Selkup); *mokol*, "wild plum" (Maidu, Nisenan).

The California Indian woman also often

trapped small game, especially quail, but her most important function — certainly at one point in her life — was to care for the young child. She carried her baby, when the need arose, in a cradle on her back. The illustration depicts a Vogul *apa* of birchbark. This is the sitting-type cradle. It has a bow over the head of the child, over which a cloth is put, so that the child's face is protected from sun, cold and insects. This is the *apa* in which the California mother brought her child from Asia. There is something admirable about a woman who carries her child on her back halfway across the earth. All the *apa*'s structural elements, complete with linguistic equivalents, are in California, especially among the Wintu. One regular exception: in California, birchbark is replaced by a woven material. Furthermore, in Wintu *aba* means the conical burden basket carried on the woman's

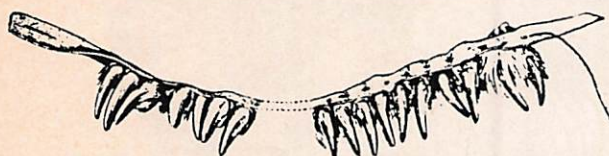
While women wore much neck ornamentation consisting of beads and shell disks, men wore mostly magical objects. The early settlers identified a very sacred piece of root worn by men on a string as *Angelica archangelica*. There is no other plant Indians valued more than this root. It played an important part in their ritual. In Patwin, they called it *hutuli*. The *Angelica* in Yurak Samoyed is called *xutij*. I could not discover anything magic about it among the Samoyeds. But as the name "angelic archangel" also indicates, the plant was used to ward off evil in medieval Europe.

Man's most valuable ornament was a bear claw necklace, called *pojje* in Marin County Miwok. In Bodega Miwok, *pojje* means any necklace. The "bear claw" meaning in Marin Miwok is the original one, however, for in Vogul, *paje* means "bear claw".

The husband and the wife in both

magical acts by songs and some kind of a musical instrument. The song and singing of the shaman is called *saw* in Ob-Ugrian. The Cal-Ugrian varieties occur in a regular form. In Mutsun, it is *sawe*, "to sing" and *suwe-ne*, "song"; Central Sierra Miwok, *saw*-, "to shout, to cry out"; Southern Sierra Miwok, *saw*, "to say 'hey!'". The regular Wintu *caw* ("to sing") and *cawi* ("song") also refer to the song of the shaman. The Northern California placename Hettenshaw Valley is from the Wintu *xetin caw*, "camas singing". Women sung while collecting camas there.

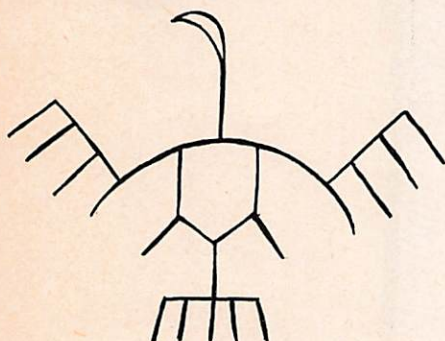
The Vogul compound *kaj-saw* ("prayer, hymn") leads to an important aspect of the cultural history. The word *kaj-saw*, *kaj sow* specifically refers to the shaman's song, which he sang during his shamanistic ecstasy. The compound *kaj-ne xum* means the "shaman" (*xum* "man"), *koj-p* ("shaman's drum, magic drum").



A magical bear-claw necklace. Parallels exist between the bear cults of Siberia and California.

back. In almost all other California Indian languages, *apa* means "to carry a baby, or a person on one's back". It should be noted, however, that in 1877 Powers saw Indian women also carrying babies in the conical burden basket.

Both Siberian and California women would braid their hair. Braid, in Ostyak, is *sew*; the Wintu *cew* ("braid") is a perfect cognate. In both cultures, women and men (but mostly women) would tattoo their



This Ostyak bird tattoo has its equivalent in Penutian face tattoos.

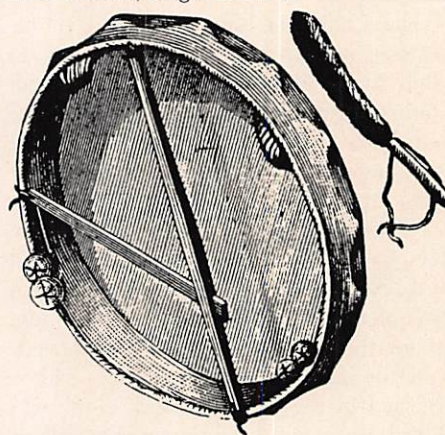
faces. Among the Ob-Ugrians, however, the tattooing of the back of the hand was more common. Ornamentation and magical healing were the objects at both places. The beautiful wings of a bird, which Powers observed on the cheek of a California woman, was carried out with great care. The technique employed and the linguistic equivalents in both cultures is close, to the minutest detail.

Siberian and Californian cultures each belonged to a different half (moiety) of the society. Originally, this was a strict rule: the Ob-Ugrian society was divided into the *Bear Half* and the *White Hare Half* and in California, the Miwokans, the Yokutsans and the Costanoans were divided into similar Halves. In Miwok, one moiety was called the *Bear Half* and the other, the *Coyote Half*. Each had its own totem, and every person had to marry outside of his own half. Children belonged to the half of the father.

The bear was the most honored animal among the Ob-Ugrians. From fragmentary information available from the consultants, I reconstructed nearly all parts of the ancient bear cult.

Coyote, on the other hand, is an extremely well-known figure in California while his equivalent, the arctic fox, does not play such an important role in Siberian religion, folklore or social structure. However, the arctic fox is called "God's Fox", reminiscent of the divine character of Coyote. The word for "God's Fox" is *sede* in Yenisey Samoyed — and exactly the same word is used in Wintu for "fox, coyote" — *sede*. In Wintu, *sede* also means "dog". This word, along with several others, proves that the ancient Californians brought the dog with them as helpers and faithful companions.

The systematic maintenance of magic and religion within both societies was the function of the shaman. There were benevolent and malevolent shamans. He accompanied



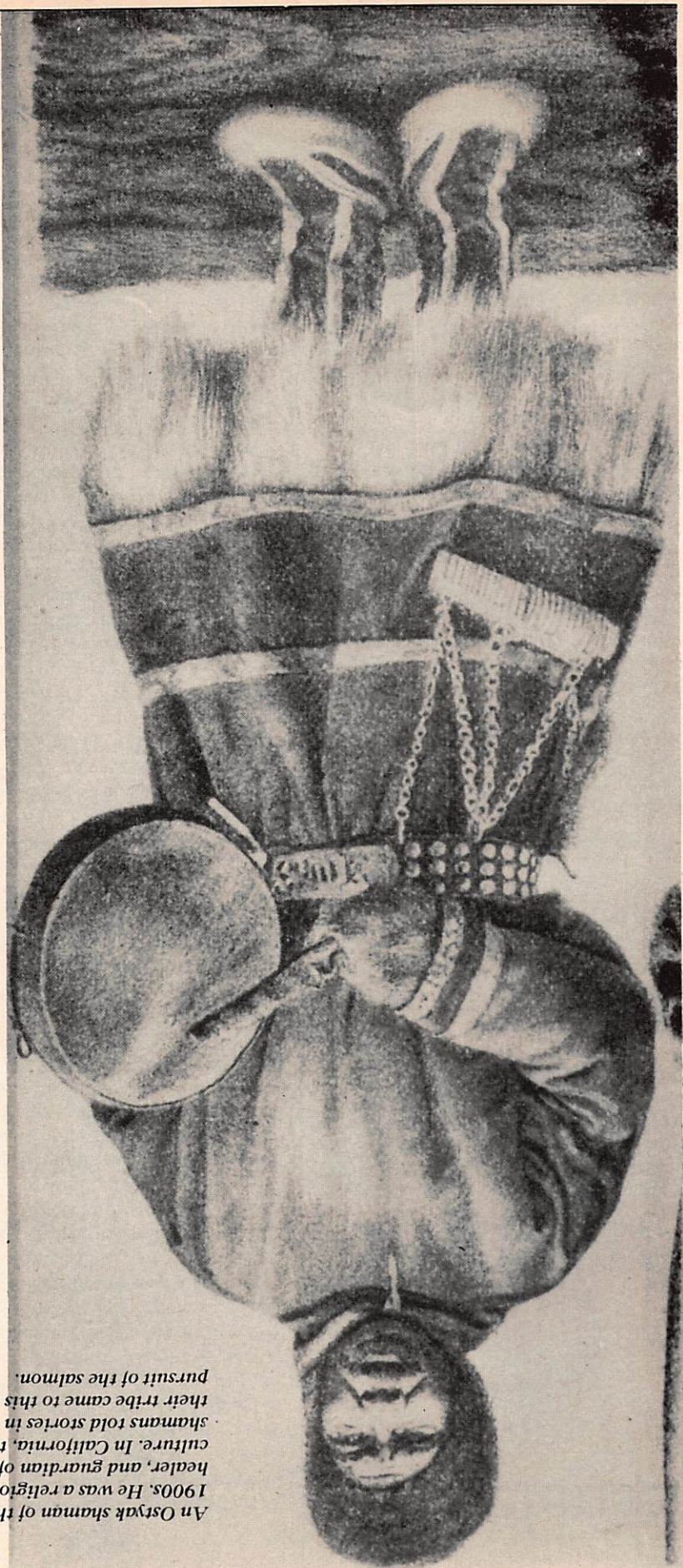
The Ob-Ugrian shaman's sacred drum. The date of its Siberian adoption would put an outer limit on the departure date of the Penutians' ancestors.

In Clear Lake Miwok, the word *koja* means "to sing"; *koj-ni*, "to be happy" (also in religious sense) and *kojanni*, "any device which produces music". This is very similar to the Vogul word for the shaman's drum.

The identification of these two words — *koj kaj* and *sow saw* — cannot be over-emphasized when dealing with the cultural and religious prehistory of the Central California Indians. They invite some remarkable conclusions while simultaneously presenting an intriguing question which, at present, I am unable to answer.

These two words clearly indicate — as do others connected with shamanism — that the Ob-Ugrians came to California in the company of their religious leader, the shaman. He led them, healed them, encouraged them on their way and gave them solace. He also made sure that the old ways were not forgotten. He told them about the creation of the world, man and the animals. The shamans were the Indians' main contact with the supernatural.

An Ostyak shaman of the early 1900s. He was a religious leader, healer, and guardian of the culture. In California, the shamans told stories in which their tribe came to this land in pursuit of the salmon.



The Ob-Ugrian shaman's main instrument was his sacred drum — small, tambourine-like, inseparable from his magic power.

There is no trace of this drum in all of California. Any kind of skin drum is completely unknown in California. So the great question is what happened to the magic shaman's drum? My proposed answer leads us to a hypothesis concerning the time of arrival of the Cal-Ugrians. It is unimaginable that the shaman, having a drum in his possession, would leave it behind in Asia, bringing only the word for it. It should be noted, however, that the Vogul word *koi-p* really means "singer" in the same way that *Miwok kojann*, meaning "musical instrument", can also refer to singing.

I propose that the Ob-Ugrian shaman did not have the skin drum when his brothers left Siberia to search for a new land. There is every indication that the Siberians used rolled-up birchbarks as a drum or something similar to the sacred California foodrum (which looks like an upside-down dugout boat). This drum is kicked with the heel while drumming. It is placed opposite the ceremonial house door, the most sacred place in the house in both cultures.

After the Cal-Ugrians separated, the Siberian skin drum was adopted or invented. But when? If we could identify this point of time, we would be able to say when the Cal-Ugrians separated from the Ob-Ugrians. The answer would be important, and would be called the "Cal-Ugrian drum argument".

The discovery of this linguistic link removes the great silence of the Bering Strait, lets the prehistoric migrators talk, and begins a new chapter in this history of Eurasia and America.

Archaeological data still indicates that there were major upheavals in North-western Siberia in the last millennium B.C. The arrival of the middle horizon people in the Bay area, generally associated with the Penutians, also occurred around this time. Linguistic data argue for a relatively recent arrival. Cal-Ugrian presents typically Ob-Ugrian features, which also evolved after 3,000 years ago. Proto-Finno-Ugrian **k-* became *x-* in several of the Ugrian dialects and also in Yurak Samoyed. Since Cal-Ugrian also participated in this change

(about 500 B.C.), we should assume that they left after this change was already considerably developed in that area.

However, although the linguistic and cultural relationship is unquestionable, we can only speculate as to the *when*, the *how*, the *why*. But these were only the secondary objectives of my research. My primary objective was to establish a linguistic relationship with an Indian language outside the American continent, to remove the great silencer at the Bering Strait and to make the prehistoric migrators talk. Now, for the first time, we know and understand what they were saying.

I feel I was there for every step of their arduous journey. During our endless trip in the last 25 years, I have learned to admire greatly the paleolithic woman, man and child. I discovered that I wanted more and more to exalt the simple fisherman and hunter. They did not build daring pyramids, erect magnificent temples or carve monumental faces. They did not explore the mysteries of the sky by measuring the paths of the planets. But they were there when the foundations of our civilization were deposited. They told us what to do, in the beginning.

I also wanted to exalt the present generations. At the arrival of the white man on both sides of the globe they soon had to face the frightening and galloping four horses of the Apocalypse. In California these were Missionization, Secularization, Gold Rush and Modernization. Soon, the "exiled sons of Eve" became exiles in their own homeland. The proudest monument they erected and cherished, their language, has been crushed like a masterpiece in a violent storm. Some held out, like Klavdia Plotnikova, who talked to herself for 50 years in the forested mountains of Southern Siberia, because she instinctively knew that you hold on to something that you inherited from your mother, of which you are the last keeper . . . like Ishi in the Sierra Nevada talking to himself and holding on to something that nobody could take away from him.

In the last 25 years, I have lived in the company of the "Old Californians" — Eulalia, Castro Johnson, Bill Joe, the Knights, Alma Grace, Lena Thomas Benner, Renee Coleman and Grace McKibben. It was a privilege to get to know their world and also the world of Frank Morgan, Henk Pete and Mamie Sam, Rombandeeva and Vachrushcheva. My discovery of this new cross-continental relationship is really their contribution to our civilization. It greatly widens our horizons and begins to write a new chapter in the life story of mankind and in the history of Eurasia and America.



From author to reader: It is important to note that the comparative linguistic rules operate from one single language or dialect to another and that I have presented such comparisons elsewhere. Here, I selected a cross-section of examples from various languages and dialects in order to present a cohesive cultural picture to the reader.

Since every word and grammatical element has its own adventurous history, naturally it is impossible to treat representing sets of the several thousands of comparative data within this format. A further complication is that the sources are written in various languages and have to be presented from both sides of the globe. California data and introductory studies into Finno-Ugrian are available in English.

The reader could benefit greatly from Peter Hajdu's *Finno-Ugrian Languages and Peoples*, London, 1975. The introductory works of B. Collinder are designed for linguists. I recommend the ethnography of T. Vuorela: *The Finno-Ugrian Peoples*, Bloomington, 1964, and M. Levin and L. Potapov, editors, *The Peoples of Siberia*, Chicago and London, 1956. One has to mention the monumental works (in German) by Kannisto, Liimola, Munkacsi, Kallman, Karjalainen, Toivonen, Steinitz, Vertes, Lehtisalo and, of course, A. Castren.

In California the best introduction to the Indian cultures is Volume 8 of *California*, of the Smithsonian *Handbook of the North American Indians*, edited by R. F. Heizer, Washington, 1978. It includes excellent references and bibliographies to the various cultures and languages. Among them, the most important still is A. Kroeber's *Handbook of the Indians of California*, Berkeley, (1925) 1953. The modern descriptive linguistic data were collected by the students at Berkeley, to which references can be found, also in Heizer's work.

For the archaeological argument, I recommend the well-presented article of T. Y. Canby in *National Geographic* Volume 156, No. 3, September 1979, "Search for the First Americans" and the excellent book *Ancient North Americans*, edited by J.D. Jennings, San Francisco, 1983. —OJvS

Author von Sadovszky was born in Hungary. He studied at various universities in Western Europe and received his first degree in philosophy in Italy. He studied linguistics in Canada and the United States and received his PhD from UCLA in Indo-European comparative linguistics. Presently he is professor of anthropology at California State University-Fullerton.

A Defense of



While doing research for speeches and several books, I have sometimes been struck with the dullness of the writing in many historical works. Dullness does seem to be a prerequisite of academic efforts. These are all too often filled with parched, colorless detail. Many historians use dates as beads upon a chronological historical rosary and they go through life lecturing and writing as they rattle these beads, and they miss all the fun.

To me history has always been more than merely dates commemorating battles, birth and death of the famous, etc. History is people. People doing all sorts of ridiculous, glorious, valiant, cowardly, stupid, loving and ding-batty things. As Emerson wrote, "All history becomes subjective, in other words, there properly is no history, only biography."

These human foibles are most deemed too insignificant by savants to dwell upon, but I have garnered and cherished this trivia until my mind may seem to be a cluttered grab-bag of inconsequential balderdash. Being somewhat orderly of mind, however, my collection of historical trivia by this time has sort of divided itself into various classifications. These are: 1. blunders; 2. trivial trivia; 3. serendipities; 4. "what if" syndrome and 5. beacon treasures.

Some of these I would like to share with you, and some of them you probably already know. So, before we proceed into my grab-bag of historical trivia, perhaps it is wise to define the word. "Trivia," says the dictionary, is "unimportant matters, trifles, trivialities . . . and is derived from the Latin *Trivialeas*, meaning of the crossroads, which in turn comes from *Trivium*, the place where three roads meet.

Historic Trivia

By Katherine Ainsworth

Steinbeck, after immersion in trivia while modernizing *Le Morte d'Arthur*, wrote a friend, "While I may not be able to understand all of Malory's mind, at least I know what he could not have thought."

In this weakness I am not alone. John Steinbeck also had to contend with this fondness for trivial detail while doing his monumental modernization of Malory's *Le Morte d'Arthur*. He became so engrossed in his study of Malory, the man, that he ran down every clue, no matter how trivial. Steinbeck wrote a friend that besides the main path, he was following two roads — one pulling him into the future and the other tugging him back into the past until he could write, "While I may not be able to understand all of Malory's mind, at least I know what he could not have thought."

First on my list of trivia, as mentioned, is a collection of blunders — the boners, stupid or silly mistakes in history or made by those interpreting history.

The most classic of all blunders, of course, was made by Michelangelo, Italian painter, sculptor and poet, when he painted the Garden of Eden scene showing Adam with a naval.

If only Daniel DeFoe had had someone to set him straight perhaps he would never have had his hero Robinson Crusoe swimming naked out to an abandoned ship, boarding it, and then filling his pockets with biscuits.

Strangely, some of the most charming bits of trivia I have chanced on in some very unexpected sources. Take for instance the story of the Los Angeles River. It was while I was preparing a speech to be called "A City, Its River and Its Bridges", I learned about these. Looking down upon this ridiculous, sluggish flow of water now so tightly corseted by strong cement walls, it is

hard to realize that often during flood times it went on the rampage and several times so flooded and ravaged the pueblo that the contours had to be changed, the mission moved to higher ground. All of the flimsy, primitive bridges were washed out and the city was completely cut off.

Boyle Workman, in this delightful memoir *The City That Grew*, recalled how his father had to struggle to get a permanent bridge built. It took three years, an act of the state Legislature and a state appropriation to get the river bridged in 1870.

"For some reason," stated Workman, "a covered bridge was constructed, although that seems an anomaly in a country in which there is no snowfall."

Blunder number one for Los Angeles bridges. To be fair, during subsequent floods the old covered bridge was the only one which remained in commission until February 1884, when it sank five feet in the middle and had to be jacked up.

Bridge blunder number two was the real dilly. The First Street viaduct was constructed several years after the covered bridge. When the heavy rains came, invariably the earth-filled approaches washed out so that sometimes it was 75 feet out of reach. During one storm, two horses were trapped on the isolated First Street bridge. A boat loaded with food and water had to be rowed out under the bridge. A man had to climb up one of the piers, hoist up the supplies, and feed the beasts daily until the approaches were replaced.

While gathering material on our book *In the Shade of the Juniper Tree: The Life of Fray Junipero Serra*, I was checking the official list of the young priests recruited to go from Cadiz, Spain, to convert the heathen in the New World. My interest was aroused when I noticed a mention of Serra's dark beard. This was news to me. Was this a historical first? Serra with a dark beard?

Fortunately, Father Maynard Geiger, the Franciscan authority on Junipero Serra, saved the day for me when he pointed out that instead of a dark beard, Serra merely had what we today call five o'clock shadow. I was saved the disgrace of having Serra limping up and down California, from mission to mission, with a long beard flapping in the breeze!

Mention of the primrose path of presumption leads me to another classification in my bag of unrelated trivia — that of "what if".

A famous example of historical "what if" came to me while I was reading Blaise Pascal's *Pensees*. He was discoursing upon the absurd tragedy of love and life and wrote, "Love, so small an object that we cannot recognize it, agitates a whole country,

princes, armies, the entire world." Then, he conjectured ("what if") that "Cleopatra's nose, had it been shorter, the whole aspect of the world would have been altered."

The most persistent "what if" I ever encountered proved to be Oriana Fallaci, the Italian reporter who gained fame by her perceptive interview-based articles in *The New Yorker* magazine. She comments on the dearth of detail, trivia in fact, of some early historians. In her *Interview With History*, Fallaci wrote, "What if some of those venerable recorders had taken note of trivial incidents, would not our knowledge be vaster and wiser?"

"We do not know whether Jesus was tall or short, light or dark, educated or simple . . . whether he really said the things Matthew, Mark, Luke and John assert," she commented. Then she added, "Ah, if only someone had interviewed him with a tape recorder so as to capture his voice, his ideas, his words."

Fallaci continues, "Ah, if only someone had taken down in shorthand what Joan of Arc declared at her trial before going to the stake. Ah, if only someone had questioned Cromwell and Napoleon in front of a movie camera. . . . I do not trust news handed down by word of mouth, reports drawn up too late and that cannot be proved. Yesterday's history is a novel full of events that I cannot contest."

So much for pondering the imponderables. Let us leave off "what if" and go on to the trivial trivia, the stuff some researchers probably dismiss as too insignificant to mention, the trifling absurdities that delight me so much. Space herein does not permit my including the scads of ridiculous and funny stuff crowding my collection. Too trivial to warrant more than a passing glance, these historical gadflies sometimes serve another purpose — that of conversational openers.

Not so trivial is the trivia nugget concerning the miners at Rose's Bar — where the slavery question was *really* settled in California, well before the first convention.

On occasion, I have found it appropriate during a dinner conversational lull to toss out a little something about the vagabonding vegetable, the peregrinating potato.

(That is, the white kind. The Indians already had the brown sweet potato, we are told.)

While preparing a speech that I called "Romance, California Style", I encountered the fascinating story of the potato. As useless a bit of information that I know: how it was known by the Incas high in the Andes 200 years before Pizarro arrived, how it was taken across the Atlantic several times and finally found its way back to North America.

Now, this is how the white potato came to Alta California.

In 1782, Don Pedro Fages became California's fourth governor. He had been part of Portola's expedition, leaving his lovely wife Eulalia back in Mexico. He cared little about the affairs of state and spent his time mostly enjoying his gardens. He had the first orchard in California, planted 600 trees at his own expense and wrote an excellent pamphlet of California as he saw it.

Pampered, lovely little Eulalia was coaxed, much against her wishes, to journey northward with her small son and join her husband in Monterey. Their marital battles began immediately and all of the capital was titillated by the goings on, especially when he tried to kick down the bedroom door after she locked him out.

In the midst of all this, the tedium of Eulalia's days was broken by the arrival of Count Jean Francoise de Galaup de Laperouse, the noted botanist. He was not only the first royal visitor to the far off land — he also brought with him the first white potatoes.

Eulalia got out her best china and silverware, dressed in her finest silk dresses and pleaded with the Count to take her back to civilization. She was totally unimpressed with the potato and the Count, preoccupied with setting up a laboratory to study native plants and animals, was unimpressed with Eulalia's pleading and charms. He advised her to content herself with her lot and to engage in the cultivation of the potato as valuable foodstuff. The Count left, Eulalia finally succeeded in getting her husband transferred back to Mexico, but the potato remained and flourished.

The next trivia classification is serendipity, which is rather undramatically defined as "an apparent aptitude for making fortunate discoveries accidentally." I prefer to think that it means the happy encounter of unexpected joy, and so it was with the two small examples of serendipity which follow.

Sometime during the year 1885, the ladies of Los Angeles met to organize the Friday Morning Club. This was to be, and I quote, "... a center of united thought and

action for women who desire for their consideration all subjects of general interest especially the topics of the day, whether literary, social, educational or otherwise."

This delightful bit of trivia was written up in the club minutes of a discussion considering, "Tight shoes, dust-sweeping skirts, the slaughter of birds for bonnet trimming." At a later meeting, the subject for debate was constricting corsets. The ladies who existed without corsets were asked to stand, and 35 courageous, emancipated women admitted publicly their contempt for the proper, accepted restricting foundation garments, despite the demands of fashion.

I cannot resist including another bit of serendipity that is romantically delightful. In 1849, Los Angeles was officially surveyed and mapped by Lieutenant Edward O.C. Ord. When granted the privilege of naming one of the streets, he immediately exclaimed, "Primavera, of course, Primavera." Thus Spring Street was named after Ord's sweetheart, whom he always called *La Primavera*.

Alas, this sweetheart Trinidad Ortega, Ord's *Primavera*, eventually married Miguel de la Guerra, son of Don Juan Antonio de la Guerra y Noriega!

Beacon treasures, the last of my trivial classifications, have been saved to bring to a close this defense of historical trivia. It seems to me that on rare occasions, mankind has experienced and reacted to something which may, at the time, have been not even a flickering candle in the historical scheme of things but which, as time passed, proved to be a glowing, radiant beacon light.

Thus, as my final bit of evidence, two unrelated and seemingly inconsequential events are submitted: one a case of petty theft and the other, the rich gold strike at Rose's Bar.

In September of 1846, Isaac Graham accused Charles Rousillon of stealing some of his lumber and reported this to the authorities. Walter Colton, duly elected Alcalde of Monterey a month previously, called in a group of men to listen to this complaint and a trial was held that same day.

The jury was one-third Mexican, another third Californians and the rest Americans. The prosecutor spoke English; the defendant, French; and the jury, except for the Americans, used Spanish. W.P. Hartnell was the interpreter. The trial lasted about an hour and the verdict was in favor of the accused.

This trivial case of petty theft of lumber was the first juried trial ever held in California and was the introduction of Anglo-Saxon justice, which almost immediately held sway over the Spanish concept of law.

We come now to that gold strike at Rose's Bar. First, it is necessary to mention that California was about to hold its first Constitutional Convention, and one of the most important matters the delegates would have to face was the problem of slavery. California was the critical state that could upset the balance of a nation half state and half free.

Everyone was astonished at the ease and alacrity in which the perplexing problem was decided. California was to be a free state.

Actually, the slavery question had been settled months before the Convention ever convened. The question came to a head in the mines at Rose's Bar on the Yuba River when a Colonel Thomas Jefferson Green and a group of Texans arrived to operate gold claims they had appropriated. They brought Negro slaves to do the work.

White miners, sensitive to the dignity of their hard labor, were outraged at the imputation that gold mining was appropriate for ignorant black slaves. On Sunday, July 27, a mass meeting was held and they resolved that "no slave or Negro should own claims or even work in the mines." Furthermore, a notice was posted that the slaves had to be out of the district by the next morning.

Three days later, these same miners elected William E. Shannon as their delegate to carry the message to the Constitutional Convention in Monterey. It was Shannon who introduced the provision that "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, unless for punishment for crimes, shall be tolerated in this State." Thus, the slavery question was settled in California. It would pop up again at the first Legislative Convention, but was persistently put down.

The Rose's Bar syndrome? Let us remember it!

In defense of historic trivia? I rest my case.



Author Ainsworth has also written *In the Shade of the Juniper Tree: A Life of Fray Junipero Serra*, *The McCallum Saga: Story of the Founding of Palm Springs*, and *The Man Who Captured Sunshine: John W. Hilton*. "A Defense of Historic Trivia" is reprinted with permission from *Bibliocal Notes*, the publication of the Southern California Local History Council, where it first appeared. (To subscribe to *Bibliocal Notes*, which is published three times a year, join the Council — only \$7.50 per year. For more information write in care of that publication, 2601 Sunnyside Ridge Road, Rancho Palos Verdes, CA 90274.



COURTESY OF SISKIYOU COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Action tintypes — such as this steer-roping Siskiyou County scene — are exceedingly uncommon. This particular view is not only full of action but also gives an authentic glimpse of the cowman's life in the 1880s.

Tintype California

By Peter Palmquist

Your grandmother's dome-topped steamer trunk may be a treasure-trove of family photographs. Delve into the albums: can that stiffly-posed young boy with the unruly cowlick really be bald-headed Uncle Milton?

Most of the photos you find will be paper prints mounted on heavy cardstock. If you're lucky, some, or many, will be on a thin black or chocolate-brown metal. These are tintypes. (Actually, the name is a misnomer: there is no "tin" in a tintype. The metal — Ferrotype — is an iron sheeting that has been coated with a black lacquer.)

Available from 1856 to World War II, the tintype was one of the single most popular forms of early photography. Unlike many forms of photography, the democratic tintype was primarily an American invention.

Before photography, of course, only the most well-to-do could hope to have a portrait suitable for a gold frame or locket, and these were generally done by a painter or miniaturist working in oil paint. And even the first photographs, daguerreotypes, initially cost as much as \$5, more than a week's pay for a workingman of the period.

(Daguerreotypes were on silver-coated copper plates, popular from 1840-1860.) The tintype, however, made photography as available to the workingman as it was to the gentry. The average price of tintypes was from 10 to 25 cents; some of the smaller sizes could even be had for a penny or less. Certain Gem galleries specialized in postage-stamp-size tintype likenesses made for as little as 25 cents per dozen.

Tintypes were not only inexpensive — they were fun! Humorous situations and informal activities are depicted far more often in tintypes than in paper photos. Young people were especially pleased with the process. The cheap prices allowed them to take multiple poses and then enjoy exchanging them with their friends.

Yet not all tintypes were frivolous. In the Presidential race of 1860, Abraham Lincoln posed for a tintype portrait that was mass-produced as a campaign button. The estimated 300,000 distributed helped show the true face of Lincoln rather than the buffoon portrayed by the cartoonists of the popular press. Also, during the Civil War, soldiers and their

Text concludes on page 30

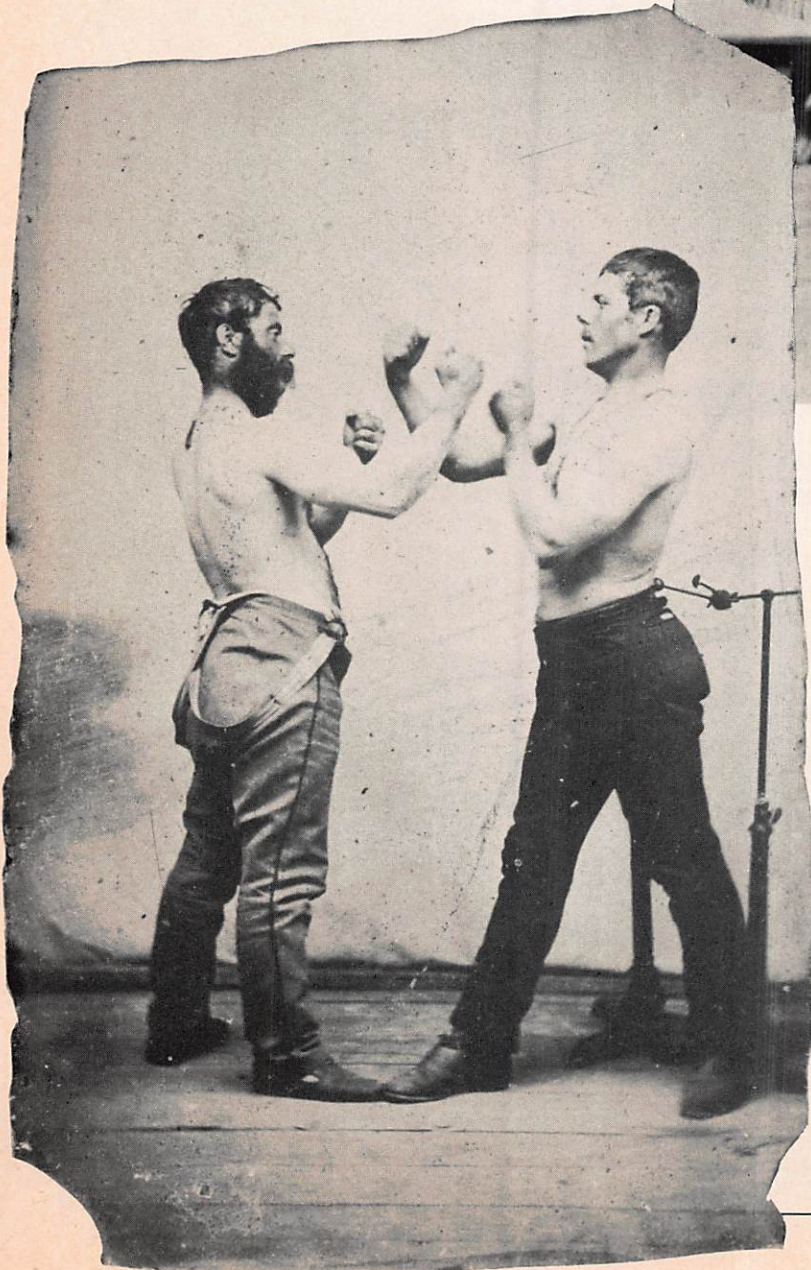


Left: Views such as this nude child are rare. Most probably the subject is the photographer's child. This image was housed in a miniature case. Lower left: Perhaps this young musician was a finalist in a local music competition. Below: These happy children on a stuffed ostrich were probably photographed at a resort studio, such as those frequently found at San Francisco's Cliff House. Right: Are these medical students on a lark? In any case, they must have had a happy Halloween!



EXCEPT AS INDICATED, ALL PHOTOS COURTESY OF PETER PALMQUIST





Above: These two card-playing "dudes" are probably friends of the photographer and the photo a souvenir. Left: Although fisticuffs were common on the frontier, these men are probably posing for fun. (It is also possible, however, that both men are professional fighters.)



Above: The members of this theatrical production may be a traveling troupe. Right: The young fishermen strike jaunty poses in this document of their good day's catch.



Right: The hairdresser in this fine "occupational" tintype seems busily at work even though the surroundings are the painted backdrops and props of the town's photo studio. Are these gentle women sisters? Below: This mother had a formidable task if she undertook to arrange fortuitous marriages for each of her brood of five daughters. The variety of character their faces show must have made this an interesting family.





Above: Just in from the country, these two stalwart fellows are wearing their workaday clothing. After they get cleaned up, will they court the two young ladies to the left? Right: These native Californians are dressed for the photo session in their best "storebought". Study their faces: are they happy innocents? Strangers and afraid in a world they never made? Or do their expressions mask deeper visions?

The highlight of a western day was the arrival of road traffic, be it the Wells Fargo & Co. stage or a local freight wagon.

COURTESY OF SISKIYOU COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Continued from page 23.

families found that the tintype was well-suited to withstanding the rigors of travel and of the United States postal system.

Tintypes come in a variety of sizes. The most popular were about 2¼ x 3¼ inches, but some of the more prestigious photographers made "tins" as large as 11 x 14 inches. It was also popular to oil paint tintype portraits in the larger sizes. A few of the earliest tintypes are found in the same miniature cases as daguerreotypes and ambrotypes (a photo on glass, prevalent from 1853 to 1870). Most, however, are found in early family albums or in paper passe-partout mounts.

The tintype examples shown here are typical of some of the wide variety of subject matter available — some humorous, some not. Most have been enlarged to several times their original size; the clarity of these images attests to the skill and integrity of the pioneer photographers who documented the history of the West as it developed — just like those in your grandmother's trunk.

Peter Palmquist, a member of *The Californians'* editorial board, is an Arcata-based photographic historian, professional photographer, author, consultant and frequent curator of major photographic exhibits.

The magic of El Dorado held sway across the land in 1849. The enchanting promise of gold had raised up a new generation of argonauts. From France and Wales and fabled Cathay, men ventured forth with young dreams as well as faded hopes to seize that glittering, golden fleece that some ancient god seemingly had abandoned along the sandy banks of the Sacramento and in sparkling veins coursing through mountainsides in that region of California soon dubbed the Mother Lode.

The lure of gold was no less strong among Americans — from Illinois, Vermont and Michigan. By the spring of 1849, President Polk's announcement had transformed the pathfinders' trails into veritable highways of humanity trudging west, ever west, headed for the gold fields of California. That May, 12,000 men and 5,000 wagons rolled westward. Two weeks later, the fevered overland surge had increased to 40,000, and hundreds of others crowded aboard 61 ships sailing round the Horn.

Along those trails and highways lurked tragedy as well as hope. Skeletons of horses and cattle soon lined the path through the alkali deserts and snow-choked mountain valleys.

A special desperation touched those who made the trek in late summer. Only dry stubble remained for grazing. Along the way — amidst the cargo jettisoned by earlier travelers — random waterholes still flowed, offering a muddy brew that, as often as not, contained the unwelcome promise of dysentery or cholera. On past these swept the prospective miners, hurrying to cross ridges that soon would be impassable, clothed with winter snow.

Clearly, the passage to the land of gold was shadowed by danger, and often measured in death-defying steps. Intrepid women pioneers shared in this challenge and danger: although the mining frontier was initially populated primarily by young male sojourners, their few womenfolk offer a unique chronicle of nobility and courage. And their small number would soon grow. By 1890, nearly a million women lived west of the Mississippi, working as helpmates to their menfolk, turning the westerling edge of American society into centers of civility while simultaneously maintaining, for their husbands, their children and themselves, ties with the parent culture left behind.

Yet little is known of these brave, silent women, who uprooted their lives to lurch and push their way to an unknown El Dorado. Even the most stalwart was haunted by a melancholia for the life left far behind, and not a few succumbed, capitulat-

True Grit and Triumph of Juliette Brier

By Gloria Lothrop

ing to the menace and the harsh travail. But not so our heroine: triumph and true grit were her name as surely as it was Juliette Brier.

A hard destiny awaited the entourage that rendezvoused at the Mormon settlement near the Great Salt Lake in the summer of 1849 — their very names asserting a bravado not easily subdued. By October 1, the Wolverines, the Bug Mashers and the Jayhawkers, bound for California from Illinois, Michigan and Iowa, had organized themselves into a group called the Sand Walking Company.

Two hundred adventurers in 107 wagons, accompanied by 500 horses and oxen, secured the services of Captain Jefferson Hunt, a taciturn Mormon elder and experienced guide, who agreed to lead the caravan for a fee of \$10 per wagon, tracing a portion of the Old Spanish Trail that would swing the party far south of the wintry Sierra Nevadas, ultimately reaching the inauspicious little cow town of Los Angeles. From there, it was promised, it would be an easy journey by land or sea to the gold fields sought by the impatient travelers.

But Hunt's route promised little water and possible hardship: far more appealing was a map of disputed origin, showing water and grass and revealing "a way to turn off from the southern route . . . and pass over

the mountains coming out in what they called Tulare Valley, much nearer than Los Angeles." The mysterious cartography was exhibited and earnestly studied and discussed. Speaking for a substantial majority, the Rev. John Wells Brier urged the undecided to follow this detour. "Go west," he declared ". . . and in six weeks we will be loaded with gold." The illusory promise offered by the map of disputed authorship prevailed over Captain Hunt's counsel.

Thus, at the critical cutoff along the road, all but four wagons bolted the Sand Walking Company and its leader to pursue their daring westward thrust over the promised passes to Tulare — despite the Captain's admonition that by pursuing the untried route, the travelers might well be "walking into the jaws of Hell."

All too soon, by the end of the third day, the young Jayhawkers in the lead (as was their wont) found themselves boxed into a canyon and unable to advance. Suddenly apprehensive about the accuracy of the map, noting the elevation and the prospect of inclement weather, all but 27 wagons departed to rejoin Hunt's crew along the southern route. This group arrived at Los Angeles without mishap seven weeks later.

Among those few who still chose to cast their fortunes with the impatient and impetuous Jayhawkers were the Bennett and

"Tough" is too feeble a word to describe Juliette Brier. Her adventures crossing Death Valley with her family in 1849-50 are awe-inspiring



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Arcan families and the family of Rev. Brier. Neither the good Reverend's manner and demeanor nor the fact that he was accompanied by a seemingly-delicate wife and three children ranging in age from four to eight endeared him to the whole. Such a combination made him a less-than-desirable comrade in this company of ambitious young men eager to complete their overland journey. The reaction to Brier's attempt to attach his family to the Jayhawkers's caravan was reported by L. Dow Stephens (*Life Sketches of a Jayhawker* in '49 [San Jose: Nolta Brothers, 1916]): "Rev. J.W. Brier and family came up and wanted to travel with us. At first we objected, as we didn't want to be encumbered with any women, but we hadn't the heart to refuse." To this, however, Stephens later added, "So they joined the Jayhawkers and the little woman proved to be as plucky and brave as any woman that ever crossed the plains."

Jayhawker Stephens' change of heart is a testament to our heroine's true grit as she traversed the gullied slopes of sunbaked mountains to become the first woman to behold the harsh beauty of the moonlike landscape of Death Valley.

Lured by a false map into Death Valley, Vermont gentlewoman Juliette Brier endured not only "hunger and thirst and an awful silence" but also a mother's helpless anguish for her weakening children.

Juliette Brier was a slight woman whose fragile features revealed her sensitivity, though not the doughty resilience that soon won her universal respect. William Manly, the hero and historian of the march through Death Valley, observed of "the brave little woman of the Brier mess," that indeed "she was the one who put the packs on the oxen in the morning. It was she who took them off at night, built the fires, cooked the food, helped the children and did all sorts of work when the father of the family was too tired which was almost all the time."

This gentlewoman from Bennington, Vermont, schooled at a Vermont ladies' seminary, not only demonstrated a tough endurance but also a religious faith and a fierce loyalty to her minister husband. His willingness to assign to her the most toilsome tasks she ascribed to his illness from dysentery. Indeed, by the end of the nearly four months of wandering across the parched, untracked landscape Brier had shrunk to a mere 75 pounds, prompting his rescuers to softly mutter, "*pobre padre*." His condition, however, hardly explains his abandonment of the family on Christmas eve as Juliette struggled across the dry waste in the dark of night. Her own narrative of this event attempts no judgment. Writing in the *San Francisco Call* (December 25, 1898), she simply stated,

Mr. Brier was always ahead to explore and find water, so I was left with the three boys to help bring up the cattle. . . . I was sick and weary . . . and poor little Kirke gave out and I carried him on my back barely seeing where I was going. Night came on and we lost track of those ahead. About midnight we came around a big rock and there was my husband at a small fire.

No comment is made that the fire over which the Reverend crouched did not seem to have been set for the wife and children but instead was hidden by boulders — not visible to the hapless wanderers.

No time for questions though. All energy was needed to push on in hope that the map's reported springs would not be another elusive mirage making the unending thirst even more cruel. Years later, Mrs. Brier recalled this thirst with undisguised anguish: "The boys would ask for water, but there was not a drop. Thus we staggered on over the salty wastes . . . hoping at every step to come to the springs."

Thus struggled the doughty brood, including the eight-year-old, prophetically-named Christopher Columbus, who watched over four-year-old Kirke and young John who, though but six, was to reveal in his mature recollections how keen

had been his awareness of the tragedy that touched him as a boy. Of that ordeal he later wrote in the *Inyo Independent* (July 26, 1884), "... a company of bewildered, famished creatures contemplated the weary succession of sandy plains and rocky ranges, from near the later scene of the Mountain Meadows massacre to those hills which contain the sources of the Santa Clara."

Between these points lay playa lakes, treeless hills and barren valleys with not a spray of genuine verdure upon which the weakened animals could graze. As a result, the lumbering beasts crawled at an ever slower rate. The lack of progress finally led Brier to burn the wagons and load the few remaining supplies on the forlorn oxen. "It was a fatal mistake," wrote Mrs. Brier in later years, "as we were about 500 miles from Los Angeles and had only our feet to take us there."

Nor were the beasts a greater source of salvation when slaughtered. So starved were they that as food they offered little sustenance. They were destitute of flesh, and even marrow, so that after skinning out and smoking, the jerky from a carcass would fill but a few saddle bags. Thus the party was reduced to consuming hides and, as young Brier recalled, a soup made of boiled bones and ox blood. Such fare, along with an occasional duck or goose from a nearby salt lake, was all there was to be had, for the nourishing pinon nuts were out of reach on the mountainsides, and even the mesquite beans had already been collected by hungry Indians or harvested by rodents.

As winter shadows lengthened into late November, the desert voyagers' thoughts turned to Thanksgiving festivities at home. As Manly wrote, as "they gnawed a lean ox-bone, how they dreamed of a sumptuous table . . . with a big pure water on the side;" instead, "their stomachs were empty and their throats hot and parched."

Christmas offered little more solace. Still before the weary travelers the mountains stood, bold and high, an unbroken barrier to their escape. "It was always the same," Juliette reflected. "Hunger and thirst and an awful silence." This oppressive reality had pursued them across the bed of Amargosa, past the Funeral Mountains, on and on, as they inched their way to the head of Furnace Canyon at the rim of Death Valley, on Christmas eve, 1849.

How desolate was the country she surveyed from the divide between Death and Ash valleys. Nevertheless, Juliette pressed forward, sometimes on hands and knees, looking for tracks in the dusky moonlight, and then struggling on. It was not until three o'clock Christmas morning that, in gloomy darkness, they reached the springs at

Furnace Canyon, recalled Juliette, adding, "I only wanted to sleep but my husband said I must eat and drink or I would never wake up. Oh such a horrible day and night."

Although the hot and cold springs allowed the luxury of bathing, it was small compensation for a Yule feast consisting of a bisquit, black coffee and freshly-slain oxen. No one spoke much. "Poor fellows," she observed of the men in the Brier mess. "Having no other woman there, I felt lonesome at times, but I was glad, too, that no other was there to suffer."

Before nightfall, however, the women of the Arcan and Bennett families were also encamped near Furnace Creek at Travertine Springs. When a representative of their mess, William Manly, advanced upon the Brier camp, he found "the reverend gentleman very coolly delivering a lecture on the value of education." It was intended, as his wife explained, to lift the spirits of his sons and his doleful comrades, who felt that they surely had happened upon the "Creator's dumping place where he had let the worthless dregs of the world."

Juliette's endurance sprang from her dogged determination that she and her loved ones would escape the fate of being condemned to shallow graves on this unwelcoming, uncharted desert.

As the party prepared to cross the rest of Death Valley, Dr. Fred Carr, another member of the party, urged Juliette to remain at the springs until a relief party could be sent. Perhaps remembering her abandonment of the night before, she gave her unequivocal but nonetheless courageous answer, declaring, "I have never been a hindrance. I have never kept the company waiting, neither have my children, and every step I take will be toward California."

COURTESY OF THE LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY



*Near Stove Pipe Wells
in Death Valley, 1939.
At times the exhausted
Juliette had to crawl
over the dunes.*



COURTESY OF THE LOS ANGELES PUBLIC LIBRARY

Bad Water, Death Valley, the lowest point in the continental U.S. The Briers had little thought to spare for the beauty of the place.

That same courageous conviction was shared by the women of the Bennett-Arcan party, travel-scarred and weary though they were. They too had suffered. They too, like Juliette, had had to mete out the increasingly small portions of food to their children now near starvation, and they too had had to leave unheeded their children's anguished cries for water as they nearly choked with thirst. The plea was particularly appealing in the case of three-year-old Martha Bennett who, at one point, lay near death while the family camped at Eagle Borax Spring.

In one way, the plight of this group was even more tenuous than Juliette's, for Abigail Arcan was quick with child. Nevertheless, although five and one-half months pregnant, she walked 270 miles out of Death Valley without favors or undue consideration for her condition. However, four months after the exodus, Baby Julia was born at Santa Cruz, only to die 19 days later, adding to the family's store of grief and becoming, in the estimation of many, the youngest victim of the '49ers' unwitting sojourn in "the Valley we call death."

The group's departure from Death Valley under the leadership of Manly and Rogers was not without its humor as well as its toil. The younger children, it was decided, would be perched in baskets hung astride the oxen, while each of the women would have a beast to ride. Before mounting her steed, Mrs. Arcan, who was loathe to leave her finery to some unknown inhabitant of the desert, determined to wear her small treasures. Accordingly, son Charlie was attired in his Sunday suit, and Mrs. Arcan, draped in a fine linen cloth of Dicer pattern which she herself had loomed, donned her best hat "trimmed with extra ribbons, the longest of which streamed behind her." Displeased with the unfamiliar cargo, the oxen balked and waltzed, but Abigail Arcan

proved hard to unseat, clung to her strap while the ribbons of her hat "flew like streamers from a masthead."

What followed were perhaps the most difficult days in the women's lives. As Juliette had done but days before, they scaled the near-6,000 feet of the Panamint Range. Like her, they limped from stiff joints and tender feet, often too tired to eat even the smallest morsel offered at the end of the day's march. As Manly observed, "eyes red, nose swollen and out of fix generally," after one of the most rigorous climbs, the women "did not recover sufficient energy to remove their clothing, but slept as they were, and sat up and looked around with uncombed hair in the morning, perfect pictures of dejection." It was, therefore, with one accord that the party bade farewell with a doff of the hat to this spot which they unanimously named Death Valley.

With her sisters Juliette shared a steadfast determination to escape their wretched fate; throughout the continuing ordeal, she displayed the stamina and constancy of a hardened frontier scout. When two of their mess decided to strike out on their own, taking with them their supply of flour which thus far had been shared with the company, Mrs. Brier toiled till midnight converting all but the last two cups into biscuits for all to share.

In part, the indomitable energy grew from her religious faith. In part, she shared with the other women a determination to survive to assure the welfare of her children. But her endurance also was a result of her dogged conviction that she and her family must at all costs escape the fate of a shallow grave dug somewhere on this unwelcoming and uncharted desert.

Therefore, with her little ones in tow, she patiently herded the drooping cattle her husband had been given at McClain Springs

by the panicking Mississippians, eager to somehow vault the seemingly impenetrable mountain barriers before them. The animals hardly seemed assets. Their heads hung low, their skin but loosely covered the flesh and muscle which, by now, had shrunk down to the smallest space. At end of day, when herded into dry camp, the beasts in their thirst would grate their teeth for they had no cud to chew, and nothing but bitter sage brush on which to survive.

With the herd, Juliette brought up the rear of the caravans. And from her vantage point at the end of the line of dazed, desert pilgrims, Juliette was quick to shore up the stragglers. Rarely could she nurse the ailing, for death, she explained, more often claimed them first. But where indeed the promise of life remained, it was she who shared her spiritual faith with them, and insisted that they find the breath to get moving again.

Such was the daily drama that somehow failed to wear down the hope of this heroic woman, who well understood that with her family she was in an unremitting race with death, a race that must be run anew each arid and desolate day. Thus it was on the morning the group made its way from Town's Pass "twenty miles across naked dunes, the wind driving the sand like shot into faces and eyes." Finally, to relieve their raging thirst and swollen tongues, the men clambered high up to the snow line from whence Rev. Brier returned to Summit Camp with an old shirt packed with the hard, frozen, life-sustaining snow, providing welcome relief as little Juliette and her brood surveyed the landscape below from a vantage point which one of the group described as being "astride the highest rafter atop the roof of hell."

It had been weeks before the party had escaped the "death hole of sand and salt," and now still more hostile terrain lay before them. Most of the group could do no more than stagger on — Mr. Brier with the assistance of two sticks. Two other members of the Brier mess succumbed. Mr. Fish lay unburied as he had fallen, and Mr. Ischam perished within the very sight of water, "his mouth and throat so dry and parched and his strength so small that he was unable to swallow a single drop." Nor could he even sip of the precious coffee housewife Brier had carefully apportioned during their protracted journey.

It was her nature to give succor when she could. Such was her good will. But good will did not always reap in kind among these desperate men, now at the very margin of survival. As had been true from the outset, the Jayhawkers, especially, appeared to be motivated by a renegade self-interest with small regard for others. Thus it was again,

when one of their number gave Mrs. Brier the liver from a recently slaughtered ox to feed her family, another of the group pilfered it, the moment the grateful mother set it down.

By the time the beleaguered Briers reached Providence Springs they had survived 48 hours without water. Their tongues protruded from their mouths, and they could not eat their paltry ration of jerked meat. Only the discovery of hidden springs close to the base of the Argus Mountains gave new hope to a company that had become resigned to die.

Despite this momentary surcease, the next days were among the worst of the journey as the group struggled on through the Argus Mountains, across the El Paso Range, and pressed on toward the Mojave where Joshua trees growing in the dusty soil added an unfamiliar accent to the landscape and the southern branch of the Coast Range, the San Gabriels, rose up from the desert floor to the snowline cloaking Soledad Pass.

Once into the Coast Range, the party found game and grass for forage, softening their harsh exile — and finally they beheld the blessed promise of water, as it danced in glistening cascades across the mountain rocks. But some of the wanderers had already endured beyond the limits of survival: at one fine spring, a man by the name of Robinson lay down to nap after drinking copiously, never to awaken again. Soon after that, the rangy cattle who had survived were stampeded by a marauding bear, and Rev. Brier himself, still far from the gold he'd hoped to scoop into his hands, lay down to die. As a desperate measure, Juliette gathered acorns and ground them up, offering them to her husband who "ate them with great relish and consented to try once more to push on." (This observation, recorded in Juliette Brier's interview in the *San Francisco Examiner*, Feb. 24, 1901, is a bit puzzling: the necessary pounding, winnowing and leaching process preparatory to baking or the making of acorn soup, would require the better part of a day. Furthermore, other foods should have been available to the Briers, such as the fruits and fleshy joints of the Beavertail Cactus gathered by the Indians of the Panamint Mountains.)

In any event, now Canaan was at hand. On February 4, a group of wide-eyed Jayhawkers backtracked to report the presence of a herd of 10,000 cattle lowing on a sprawling meadow not far below, on what they soon discovered to be the Del Valle family's Rancho San Francisco.

At first meeting, the resident vaqueros stood in sympathetic awe as they witnessed the procession of tattered skeletons approaching them. Among them walked

Juliette, still proud of countenance although, as she later described, "My dress was in ribbons and my shoes hard baked, broken pieces of leather." By her side stood three children, large-eyed and patient, dressed in shreds, their feet wrapped in strips of hide.

Amidst the welcome, the care and the nourishment, came the realization that indeed they had survived — a miracle which she described as "coming back from death to life."

Epilogue

Nor was this sturdy survivor to fade from the pages of history. With the profits from the sale of the 12 oxen Juliette had so arduously herded, the Briers purchased a half interest in a Los Angeles hotel where Mrs. Brier ably commanded the kitchen from whence no dried beef jerky was ever to emerge.

In addition, Rev. Brier, once his health was restored, undertook to preach from his host's living room the first Protestant sermon ever given in Los Angeles. Alas, despairing of the imminent salvation of the townsfolk of Los Angeles, the Briers decamped, migrating northward where three daughters were added to the family circle.

All of them save one son were to be outlived by Juliette. In 1903, the annual Jayhawkers' reunion, which since 1872 had traditionally been held on February 4 at the San Francisco Ranch, was convened at Mrs. Brier's home at Lodi. The invitation to her surviving comrades suggests a certain frailty, but no lessening of her keenness as she wrote,

Rheumatism and other ills have been effectual in pulling down the house in which I have lived for 88 years and 8 months. All signs of a sudden fall are perceptible — dullness of sight, hearing and memory abide. Notwithstanding all these, life is not unpleasant and I still like to meet friends of Long Ago.

Indeed, she was to rejoin those longtime friends yet again in 1911, for she was to live until 1913, having added 19 years to the Biblical three score and ten, outliving all but four of the desert nomads who had survived with her the Death Valley march of 1849.

To each of them throughout that march, through a region as merciless as death itself, she had been a lofty soul of hope. She had held them, the enfeebled and the dying on a tireless path to survival that turned aside the very menace of Death Valley, and rendered meaningless its threatening name.

In the words of her trail companion William Manly, "All agreed that she was by far the best man of the party."



From author to reader: The best overview of Juliette Brier's struggle through Death Valley can be found in William Lewis Manly's *Death Valley in '49* (Los Angeles: Borden Publishing Co., Centennial Edition, 1949). Another book that focuses on the heroine is Margaret Long's *The Shadow of the Arrow* (Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1950). Brier is also included in Dorothy Gray's *Women of the West* (Millbrae, California: Les Femmes Press, 1976). But the most vivid recollections are provided in Brier's letter, "Our Christmas Amid the Terrors of Death", *San Francisco Call* (December 25, 1898) and John Wells Brier, Jr.'s published letter in the *Inyo Independent* (Independence, California: July 26, 1884) and an interview in the *San Francisco Examiner* (February 24, 1901). Further information is provided in John W. Brier's "The Death Valley Party of 1849", *Out West* (March/April 1902).

Among the many volumes that describe the harsh beauty of Death Valley, two of the best are Edwin Corle's *Death Valley and the Creek Called Furnace* (Los Angeles: Ward Ritchie Press, 1941) and W.A. Chalfant's *Death Valley: The Facts* (Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, 1930). In addition to the foregoing, my article also makes use of information found in Phil Townsend Hanna's "When Death Valley Took Its First Toll", *Death Valley Tales* (Los Angeles: 1955), Carl Wheat's "The Forty-Niners in Death Valley", *Southern California Quarterly* (1939), William Lewis Manly's *The Jayhawkers' Oath and Other Sketches* (Los Angeles: Warren F. Lewis, 1949) and LeRoy and Jean Johnson's *Julia* (1981). —GRL

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CALIFORNIA EMI-GRANTS. TAKE NOTICE!!

ELIJAH WARD, (generally known by his mountain name, Barney Ward,) intends leaving Utah Valley, on or about the first of October next, for the SOUTHERN MINES in California. Mr. Ward is thoroughly acquainted with the SOUTHERN ROUTE, and will pilot Emigrants through to said mines for ten dollars per wagon; and ten dollars for every company of five persons with packs, or pack animals. As fast as Emigrants come in, and can get ready for the journey, they will pass on through Great Salt Lake City, and Utah Valley, and encamp on Hobbie Creek, about ten miles south of the Utah Settlement, where they will find GOOD FEED AND WATER TO RECRUIT THEIR TEAMS. Any further information wanted, can be obtained by calling at my dwelling in Utah Settlement.

ELIJAH WARD, PILOT.

N. B. No one will be permitted to travel in the train, until his fare is paid to the Pilot.

The contemplated route to the Southern Mines, is no worse than the usual route from the States hither, so far as rocks and moun-

tains are concerned; although the deserts are more extensive.

We expect to leave the old road, near the foot of the mountain, and near Mahave (or Mahawbee) Creek. I will pilot the company either to Williams' Rancho, or to the Gold Mines in that region, just as a majority of the company shall decide, for their convenience.

E. W.

G. S. L. City, Sept. 2, 1850. 13 No. 3 in.

From the *Deseret News*, Great Salt Lake City, *Deseret*, September 7, 1850.

In Search of a Man Named

COURTESY THE ARTHUR CLARK CO.

Description unknown. Age vague, possibly 30 to 40. Birthplace, family ties, occupation unknown. First name or initials uncertain. Fate speculative. Suspected of leading hundreds into a deadly trap in 1849.

Considering the legions of Smiths who have filled American telephone books and directories, to discover the history of a man named Smith with such meager clues would seem hopeless — especially with the trail a century old. Yet this particular man played a key role in one of the most dramatic episodes in the history of the American West and therefore deserves more than anonymity in time-dimmed pages, however large the haystack, however small the needle. Tantalizing bits and pieces of Smith's story inspired some long and deep digging. Here is what I found.

In Smith's time, the world was thrilling to "Gold! In California!" — a cry that brought multitudes of fortune seekers from around the world. And among those multiple tens of thousands of fortune hunters wending their way westward by covered wagon and pack train through a relatively

unknown wilderness in the rush to the gold fields came Smith. He would fatefully learn of one shortcut to Hell.

In 1849, the two-year-old Mormon settlement of Salt Lake City was a beehive of activity. Since the dwindling days of August, fragmented wagon trains had been milling about uncertainly. There was still a thousand miles of trail ahead — weeks of barren land with dubious springs and forage. The trail was already littered with abandoned wagons, precious belongings and unmarked graves. It was said that one could smell the way by the stench from ox, mule and horse carcasses. Also, a tang in the air hinted of an early fall, a reminder of the ill-fated Donner Party that had been trapped by early Sierra Nevada snows in the winter of 1846-47.

But then came word of a little-known southern route, used by pack trains arching their way around the Colorado River canyonlands to link Santa Fe and Southern California. Guide Jefferson Hunt was hired for \$10 a wagon, and they began to roll out. Mounted men, unencumbered by families, surged ahead. Stragglers caught up or trailed in the rear. Despite attempts to space out groups so that small springs and water holes had time to be replenished for the next arrivals, the caravan grew to a size that over-

burdened those life-or-death oases. As far as the eye could see were shifting clouds of dust. Some forged ahead, some fell behind in the constant churning of some 100 wagons, about 300 men, women and children and 500 or so oxen, horses and mules.

The route was rough and uncertain — it had been almost two years since guide Jefferson Hunt had been over the trail. It was a land where springs and small streams dry up from time to time, and wind-blown sands covered lightly traveled tracks. Landmarks, with the passage of time, looked much like countless counterparts. Wagons, people, animals began to falter and fail.

So it was that as they neared present-day Cedar City, Utah, the travelers were willing to listen to any report of a shortcut. The news rippled up and down the line. Surely such a shortcut would save hundreds of miles of torturous trail, forestall bogging down in California's winter rainy season and get them to the gold fields sooner!

The report and purported map had been brought into camp by a group of "horse and mule packers", one contingent captained by a "man named Smith."

According to one Mormon chronicler, '49er Addison Pratt, "A Captain Smith with a company of packers . . . had maps

Orson Kirk (O.K.) Smith. His advice to the early Argonauts is a classic case of the blind leading the blind. Was he murdered?

Smith

By George Koenig

and charts that described a cutoff . . . a much nearer route than the one we were going and no dry deserts to pass through . . . and grass and water all the way."

Fellow traveler George Cannon also wrote that the captain of the packers was named Smith, and that the new route had been described to Smith by mountaineer E. Barney Ward, who claimed to have traveled it three times, adding that "there was a paper which he had given them on which the route was marked."

David Switzer echoed much the same:

. . . a new route which turns west is much talked about in the company. This route the packers who have come up with us intend taking. Captain Smith who is their leader has furnished me with a diagram according to which there is wood, water and grass at intervals of 12 to 15 miles. This runs due west and it cannot be more than 400 miles to the valley of the San Joaquin. Mr. Ward of Salt Lake City has been through twice and has assured many that it can be traveled with wagons.

Just who was this Captain Smith? Strangely, despite the surfacing of letters,



COURTESY OF BESSIE CARSON GRUNTON

journals, reminiscences and writings, no one seemed to know his given name. Along with Pratt, Cannon and Switzer, a host of others, including Bigler, Farrer, Stover, Lorton, Kealy, Thurber and William Manly, simply referred to him as "Smith". Yet at least two knew of him with the initials "O.K." — one was Rev. Lewis Granger who, in 1850 Pueblo de Los Angeles, became partner in a hotel with Death Valley survivors Rev. and Mrs. Brier, and the other was Ransom G. Moody. A full-page biographical sketch of Moody, appearing in the *San Jose Pioneer*, March 17, 1877, notes:

While laying over at Salt Lake, O. K. Smith of New York camped near them with a mule team and eleven men. Between Mr. Smith and Mr. Moody a strong friendship sprung up which lasted until Smith died.

(This seems to confirm '49er Joseph Hamelin's statement that Smith was from New York.)

Though the surviving Death Valley '49ers would probably have strung Smith up if they could've found a tree, he probably had offered his shortcut in good faith.

In early November, 1849, all save seven wagons turned off onto Smith's enticing shortcut. All went well for a few days until, as Manly wrote, "Immediately in front of us was a canyon, impassable for wagons and down into this the trail descended. Men could go, horses and mules perhaps, but wagons could no longer follow the trail." At this moment of truth, disappointment, disillusionment and desperation set in. Some turned back to rejoin Hunt. Those with horses and mules descended into a deep



COURTESY OF BESSIE CARSON GRUNTON

O.K.'s wife Rowena (Mitchell). The Smiths eventually established themselves at Woodville, south of Tulare.

wash or arroyo that wended its way towards present-day Las Vegas — a route to be later approximated by the Union Pacific. The others, with families and wagons, managed to work their way westward and into history as the "Death Valley Party of 1849-50."

The tragedies among the '49er contingents (see "True Grit and Triumph of Juliette Brier", this issue) understandably resulted in bitter feelings about Smith and the shortcut. Death Valley Jayhawker L. Dow Stephens erroneously denounced Smith as "... one of three Mormon horsemen led by Barney Ward who were fakes

sent out by the Church for a purpose." Much in the same manner, Stover writes, "We came to the conclusion that Captain Smith was sent out to decoy all our wagons out there so as to get them."

Feelings were high and heated. Lacking tar and feathers, the Death Valley survivors might have strung up Smith from a tree limb — if a tree could have been found in the parched, barren desolation of central Nevada.

Yet Smith's idea had been neither outrageous nor unique — rumors of shortcuts had long abounded. On his 1833-34 trek,

mountain man/explorer/guide Joseph Walker had sought and partially achieved a shortcut on his return from California. From the San Joaquin Valley, he had skirted Walker Lake to angle northeasterly to bypass the worst stretch of the Humboldt River trail.

In 1845, on his third expedition, John Fremont had blazed a new trail southwest from the Great Salt Lake across Nevada to Walker Lake. In also bypassing the Humboldt, Fremont had found one of the most feasible routes across Nevada — one with grass, trees and water sufficient to belie the barren desert pictured by many. A section of Fremont's trail became the historic Hastings Cutoff in 1846, which headed almost due west from south of the Great Salt Lake.

Varying Fremont's trail, although a little more to the south at first, then from about Austin continuing more directly westward to Carson City, Howard Egan blazed a trail in 1855, traveling from Salt Lake City to Sacramento in 10 days by mule. In 1859 Captain James Simpson, topographic officer at Camp Floyd, laid out the Overland Stage route from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, over much of the Egan trail. The Pony Express used this in 1860-61.

Many other shortcuts had been sought, found and rumored, sparked from time to time by vague reports and hearsay. Not much thought was given to the fact that the first pathfinders were traveling by foot, horse or mule, and not encumbered with wagons. But indomitable spirits believed that where man had gone before, surely means and manner could be found to follow.

Smith's shortcut, which was given to him by mountaineer Ward, could well have been taken in good faith. In turn, Ward also probably passed on the shortcut in good faith — some have attributed its origin to another mountain man, "Bill" Williams. Manly, for example, wrote that Smith's men "... had a map with them made by one Williams of Salt Lake." He later added, "He [Smith] had a map of his proposed route and it was very much like the one we had." Seemingly, therefore, Smith's new route was already known.

In any event, Smith certainly showed the courage of his convictions: he took the shortcut himself. Smith set out with a group of men that included the Savage-Pinney party, later split by the threat that some should be killed to be eaten for the others to survive. Near Division Springs, in the wastelands northeast of today's Las Vegas, supplies exhausted and water critical, the various packers splintered in a desperate effort to survive. Some struggled southerly, but Smith vowed to go westward whatever

the cost. While 11 men with Savage and Pinney did so, most of Smith's decimated party soon gave up and fought their way back toward the trail Hunt had clung to.

Joseph Hamelin, with the Pomeroy train following Hunt's, reports picking up nine men who managed to return to the main trail. Egan, with Reverend Granger in another train, picked up four others near Iron Springs, Utah. Huffaker's trailing wagon train, including Ransom Moody, says they met Smith and some 13 others, taking them in and arriving at Lugo Ranch in early February.

Moody, noted to be a friend of Smith's, had started west with a wagon train that included the Bennetts, Arcans, Manly and Rogers of Death Valley fame. When Moody and his brother-in-law Henry Skinner arrived in Los Angeles, they heard that Manly and Rogers had reached the settlement, obtained supplies and had gone back to Death Valley to rescue those left behind. Concerned that they were long overdue, Moody and companions were about to start after them when the "Long Camp" party arrived that afternoon, "after enduring the most terrible sufferings." Manly describes the meeting as the reunion of the warmest of friends.

In his post-Death Valley days, Smith developed a liking for public office — and the initials "O.K." were increasingly expanded to the more dignified "Orson Kirk".

The next time O.K. Smith appears in the records, he and his family were living in Woodville, just south of Tulare, in 1852-54. The *Sacramento Union* noted that he had arrived in Stockton in 1849 (presumably the end of that year), that he married a Miss Rowena Mitchell on June 4, 1851 and that the couple moved to Tulare County. They were married by a Reverend James Woods. (But alas for storytelling, this is not the James Woods who was a member of the Coker contingent of Death Valley '49ers. This Rev. Woods had come 'round the Horn, with wife and family.)

In 1853, Smith was elected Sheriff of Tulare County. That same year, he served on the Court of Sessions (predecessor to the Board of Supervisors). Evidently he took a liking to public office: he also became tax collector. And, as his public office life con-

tinued, perhaps reflecting a desire for more dignity than initials only conferred, he is increasingly listed as Orson Kirk Smith.

In 1854, Smith is listed as postmaster at Woodville. In 1856, he was elected to the State Assembly for Tulare and Fresno counties for the 8th (1857) and 12th (1861) sessions. Then, in 1870, he was appointed census taker, correlated with tax collecting.

On a more personal note he became Masonic master, Visalia Lodge AF&M No. 128 in 1862. And in 1869, O.K. was senior warden of San Simeon Lodge No. 196 when it was formed at Rosaville, later changed to Cambria.

In 1856, Smith apparently took time out to serve 24 days in the Tule Indian War, for which he received the magnificent sum of \$13.20 — remuneration offset by his claim for \$15,000 for a sawmill near Visalia which, he said, was burned by the Indians. However, there is no record of any payment.

So much for Smith's life after Death Valley. But what about the references to his New York origins, made by '49ers Rollins, Hamelin and Moody? It was a long, serpentine research trail, from Tulare to Cambria, Visalia to Los Angeles, from the Carson and Gunton branches of Rowena Mitchell's family tree to Smith's roots in upstate New York. Fortunately, a collection of old family letters surfaced. Various dated from 1850-58, they revealed that Orson Kirk had left for the gold fields — much to the concern of his family — from the small crossroads community of Linckloen, Chenango County, New York.

Their first letters are simply addressed to him at San Francisco. In 1853, having received word that he had married, they hoped that "Rowena will accept much love from those proud to own her as a sister." In 1856 they refer to his appointment (election) to the Legislature. And in 1858 part of a letter is addressed to O.K.'s brother Bruce, who had gone to California to join him.

However circumstantial the evidence (indeed, men have been hung on less), it seems certain that "Captain Smith", O.K. Smith and Orson Kirk are one and the same.

But there was a fateful final chapter to be written.

In 1871, Smith was found murdered!

The *Stockton Daily Independent*, March 8, 1871, including quotes from the *San Luis Obispo Tribune*, reported:

DEATH OF A FORMER STOCKTONIAN: Orson I. Smith, who arrived in Stockton in 1849, and who resided a number of years in this city, is supposed to have come to his death in the San Luis Obispo County

about the middle of last month under very sad circumstances.

It appears that he attempted to follow the beach road from Old Creek and either mired in the quicksand, or the incoming tide overtook him and a heavy roller swept horses and wagon into the sea. The wagon and some papers were picked up near Morro Rock some miles below.

Mr. Smith was an old pioneer Californian and was well known as a man of unblemished integrity, correct habits and irreproachable character. In 1851 he settled in Stockton and was married there and shortly afterwards moved to Tulare County, then a wilderness. In 1861 he represented Tulare County in the Legislature. He has also been Sheriff or Deputy of that county . . .

Mr. Smith went to San Luis on the 17th (February) and expected to return the 19th. When he overstaid his time, Rowena, his wife, thought he had not got his business settled on Saturday and would be home Monday. As he did not then return she thought that when the stage came up on Tuesday he would send a letter if he did not come himself.

It was the most dreadful stormy time that week . . . On Thursday, about 10 o'clock at night a neighbor came saying that a wagon had been found broken on the beach. Smith's brother Bruce left immediately. He ascertained his brother had eaten dinner at the Halfway House and had started for San Luis on the coast road and must have been washed into the ocean, horses and all. The wagon was seen coming in the next day by a boy who supposed a ship had been wrecked. Some of Mr. Smith's census papers were found on the beach . . .

Seemingly it was an accident, along a stretch notorious for its treacherous sands and surf, especially in bad weather. Yet it was common practice in those times to chance the wet-packed beach when the hillsides became too slippery for wagons.

Mystery still shrouds the violent death of O.K. Smith. Was it an accident or murder? And if murder, why?

Yet a month later, an item in the *Nevada State Journal* (April 20, 1871) reported, "O.K. Smith of San Luis Obispo thought to be murdered." And adding to the mystery is an in-depth compilation from newspaper accounts in the *San Luis Obispo Tribune*, in the A.L. Morrison *History of San Luis Obispo County and Environs* headlined, "The Mysterious Disappearance of O.K. Smith."

One crime frequently referred to as we gathered data for this history was the disappearance of O.K. Smith. The stories varied so in date that the writer determined to get at the facts . . . and so went to the one reliable and accurate source, the files of the *Tribune* . . .

On February 25, 1871 a letter was sent to the *Tribune* from Morro signed by Smith's Masonic brothers, G.S. Davis, G. Rothschild and G.M. Cole, telling about the same news and asking for help in the search for his body or any trace of him, his team or papers. . . .

Smith was last seen alive Friday, February 17, at a saloon and roadhouse kept by George Stone on the road to San Luis Obispo. . . . A.M. Hardie says it was a bad stormy day; that Smith had a premonition that evil was to befall him. Also at Stone's place he asked a man named Rudisill to go on with him but Rudisill refused. Mr. Hardie says that Stone and Rudisill helped Smith to harness up . . . and that they used rope and wire to fasten the tugs to the whiffletrees. "The horses never got out of those tugs without help," said Mr. Hardie. From the moment the wagon was found, and no trace of the body, the team or harness, foul play was suspected.

In those days the farmers often sent their tax money to the office in San Luis Obispo by neighbors going that way. This custom yet prevails. One man says that after Smith's death, men presented receipts showing that he (Smith) had nearly \$600 of tax money with him when he was killed. . . .

Here are a few of the many stories told the writer:

A man about to die confessed that he and another man equally well respected were hard up and killed Smith.

Story number two is more elaborate in detail:

On the night of Smith's disappearance, a man living on Morro

Creek went down to dig clams. He saw a fire burning on the beach and, turning back, went up on the bluff where he could see but not be seen. He saw two men digging a great hole. They gathered beach wood and built a fire in it, meantime digging another hole. Soon Smith's team, driven by a third man, came around.

Smith was very drunk and was being held in the light wagon. He was knocked on the head, stripped, rolled into hole number two and sand scooped in on him. All his clothing, his gold watch, the harness from horses, their halter ropes and the tongue and one wheel from the wagon were thrown upon the fire and burned. When burned down to coals sand was scooped into that hole and all traces of the doings destroyed by scraping and scratching about over the sand. Then the three men tied their own ropes about Smith's horses and led them up the creek to a rocky side canyon and shot them.

The narrator said this yarn was told to him by a dying man under a promise of secrecy until after his death, and that it was told to him by another man. Upon asking why this story was kept secret so long the man said it would have meant death to the teller had he told it then or while certain other men now dead were living.

This is written not as a fact but because it has thrills in it. It may or may not be true; no one will now ever know. The strange thing was that no trace of the harness or team was ever found. Two skeletons of horses, each with a bullet hole in the skull, were certainly found in a canyon not too far from the beach. The wagon when found had lost one wheel and the tongue.

At about the place where the wagon was found others had lost their lives in the quicksand in attempting to drive across when the tide was out, but their bodies or some trace of them was always found.

One more story.

Near the entrance to Green Valley in an old house lived a man named Kilpatrick who was well acquainted with Smith. One night Kilpatrick, on his way to San Luis Obispo, camped in a patch of willows just north of Morro on the road to Cayucos.

Kilpatrick had just lain down when O.K. Smith, or so it seemed to him, walked out of the willows and up to the foot of his shake-down. So sure

was Kilpatrick that it was Smith that he exclaimed, "Where the devil have you been all this time?" Smith stood looking at him in silence for some moments, then turned and disappeared into the willows.

Were these stories the tall tales of an overly imaginative writer? They seem suspiciously so, and are certainly without substantiation. Why would robbers destroy a gold watch that could be sold? Or kill the horses when they could simply have been turned loose, rather than risk incriminating evidence using or selling them?

If indeed he was murdered, and not simply drowned accidentally and swept out to sea, was it by robbers? Or perhaps by vengeance-bound '49ers catching up with a man they held responsible for their old shortcut plight? Or, mindful that Smith's body was never found and considering Kilpatrick's story, could Smith have decided to disappear, knowing that he had been found at long last by accusers from the past?

But surely, 20 years is ample time for tempers to cool and any guilt-cast shadows to fade in the public limelight that Smith seemed to seek rather than avoid.

In all likelihood, we will never know what strange twist of fate led from the desert to the sea for a man named Smith.



From author to reader: There are many books on Death Valley's many facets. For those primarily interested in the historic trek of the Death Valley '49ers there is Manly's classic, *Death Valley in '49*, Leroy and Ann Hafen's *Journals of the Forty-Niners, Salt Lake to Los Angeles*, Ressler's *Trails Divided* and the author's new book *Beyond This Place There Be Dragons*. — GK

Author Koenig is an advertising executive and California historian — past president of Death Valley '49ers Inc. and member of The Westerners (Los Angeles Corral), Calaveras County, Nevada County and Chinese historical societies. He has written two Mother Lode guidebooks — *Valley of Salt, Memories of Wine* (Friends of the Bancroft Library) and *The Lost Death Valley Journal of '49er Louis Nusbaumer* — and the book *Beyond This Place There Be Dragons*, just published by Arthur Clark Co. *Dragons* is described by Death Valley '49er director Hugh Tolford, who recommends it, as "iconoclastic, perhaps controversial and fascinating." Finally, Koenig, according to Tolford, "has hoofed and huffed the trail through Nevada and Death Valley."

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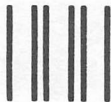
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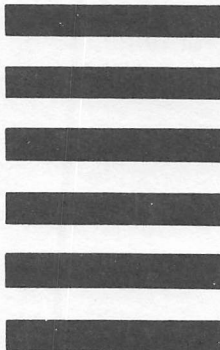
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BOOKS

A Well-Researched Book on Mexican-Californians in the Depression

In Defense of La Raza: The Los Angeles Mexican Consulate and the Mexican Community, 1929-1936
Francisco E. Balderrama
University of Arizona Press
Tucson, 1982
Pages xii, 137; paperbound, \$7.95;
hardback, \$14.95

Reviewed by Abraham Hoffman

The past decade has seen a number of important studies published in the field of Chicano history — Richard Griswold del Castillo's *Los Angeles Barrio*, Albert Camarillo's *Chicanos in a Changing Society* and Ricardo Romo's *East Los Angeles*, for example, have greatly broadened our perceptions of Mexican contributions to Southwestern urban history. A decade ago, this reviewer wrote *Unwanted Mexican Americans in the Great Depression*, focusing on efforts to repatriate Mexicans (and Mexican-Americans) to Mexico, with the most intensive local government programs taking place in Los Angeles. Francisco Balderrama's *In Defense of La Raza* probes deeper into the repatriation episode, examining the role of the Mexican consulate in helping the Mexican community in Los Angeles withstand the problems and prejudices of the Depression years. Modest in scope and with only 118 pages of text, Balderrama's book promises to take its place among the key studies on Mexican-Americans in urban American society.

The Mexican consulate in Los Angeles became actively involved in dealing with the pressures put on the Mexican community during the Great Depression. Under the leadership of Consul Rafael de la Colina, the consulate made every effort to insure that Mexicans accepting Los Angeles County's offer of repatriation to Mexico

received proper care and protection. The consulate also worked with community leaders to resist unfair federal deportation maneuvers, organized relief committees and raised funds to help the poor. Operating behind the scenes, the consulate campaigned against California school segregation practices that discriminated against Mexican-American children. Less popular was the stand taken against the Catholic Church as the consuls reflected Mexican governmental policy. The consulate also worked on behalf of farm workers, helping organize unions and in mediating labor disputes. This effort involved the consulate so deeply that anti-union groups such as the Associated Farmers lodged protests against its participation. Following the transfer of Consul Ricardo Hill in 1936, succeeding consuls ceased their political involvement. By that time, with New Deal programs providing jobs and relief, the community no longer felt the pressures placed upon it in the worst of the Depression.

The strengths of this book are many. Balderrama writes a clear, rapid-paced narrative. What is most admirable, however, is the depth of his research. Beyond the archival material, government publications and newspapers from both Mexico and the United States, plus judicious use of secondary sources, Balderrama utilized interviews with three dozen people who recalled their experiences in Los Angeles during the Depression. The interview subjects ranged from Consul de la Colina (who later in his career became Ambassador to the Organization of American States) and county welfare supervisor Rex Thomson, to Mexicanos who survived the poverty and pressures of the Depression era. These interviews add an important dimension to the book, an awareness that these events of a half century ago are still vividly remembered by a generation that lived the history we read.

If there is one drawback to this book, it is only that Balderrama does not examine the experiences of Mexicanos in other urban areas. He notes that the Mexican consulate, particularly under the leadership of Colina and Hill, went much further than the consulates in other Southwestern cities in assisting the resident Mexican community. Still, it would be informative to know the extent to which other consulates played a similar role. Such a study would require a research effort far beyond the scope of this book. Should Balderrama pursue the quest, he would greatly contribute to our further understanding of a sensitive and controversial time in the history of Mexican-Americans.

Reviewer Hoffman, who received his doctorate in history from UCLA in 1970, has written, in addition to *Unwanted Mexican Americans in the Great Depression* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1974), the book *Vision or Villainy: Origins of the Owens Valley-Los Angeles Water Controversy* (College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 1981). The author of some 40 articles and more than 80 book reviews, his work has appeared in such journals as *Southern California Quarterly*, *Pacific Historical Review*, *Arizona and the West*, *Western Historical Quarterly*, *Journal of the West* and *The Californians*. (See our July/Aug. '85 issue for his "Zorro: Folklore and Fraud in California History.") Dr. Hoffman is active in the affairs of the Historical Society of Southern California, the Los Angeles Westerners Corral and the Southern California Local History Council. He teaches history at Benjamin Franklin High School.



CALIFORNIA COOKERY

Butte County Culinary Treasures

A unique historical cookbook reflecting the lifestyle of a bygone era appeared in our mailbox recently, sent by friend and reader Martha Slade of Paradise. Published by the Butte County Historical Society, this mid-19th-century recipe/autograph album entitled "Mrs. C.F. Lott Receipts, Jan. 4th, 1857" (belonging to Evelyn Joslyn) is a testimony to the industry and optimism of pioneer women bending their culinary talents toward refining the rough mining camp atmosphere of Ophir (later Oroville) in which they found themselves.

Susan Hyer Lott, Philadelphia-born granddaughter of a Revolutionary War colonel, came to Ophir by way of Panama in 1856 with her husband, Judge Charles Lott. A few days after arriving, the couple ate their Christmas dinner from the top of a large packing box in the front parlor of the beautiful home the judge had prepared for his young bride. She soon became friends with the more affluent women of the town. It is their recipes that fill this unusual book, presented first in facsimiles of the original handwriting of the women and then, in a separate section, transcribed for easy reading. No attempt has been made to correct spelling or add instructions — which are minimal in this book, for the cooks shared a common knowledge of techniques for preparation of ingredients with hand tools. Mastery of the woodburning stove is assumed.

The charm of the recipes is in their random arrangement and comments by the cooks. There is also an index to the recipe, biographies of some of the contributors and a table of measures to help the modern cook cope with teacup, gill and wineglass quantities. To order copies of this cookbook of unusual appeal to lovers of history-in-the-kitchen, send \$5 per copy to the Butte County Historical Society, PO Box 2195, Oroville, CA 95965.

A number of the recipes in this book are particularly well-suited to Hanukkah and Christmas — as gifts or as treats for guests. Here are just a few.

MRS. VAN NORDEN'S BRANDY PEACHES

Pare your peaches first. 1 lb. of sugar for every lb. of fruit. Pick fresh leaves from the tree. Mash them, put a layer of leaves in the bottom of your kettle, then a layer of fruit, then a layer of leaves again & fruit, and so on till you put in all you wish to brandy, then put cold water on them, just enough to cover the peaches, and let them come to a scald, for about five minutes, take out your peaches with a per-

forated spoon, on a dish. Then take a cup full of the water that the leaves are in and put your sugar in it by degrees, until you get it dissolved or some of it dissolved, then put in your peaches and sugar all let them heat gradually till your sugar is quick dissolved after that let them come to a boil, and let them cook from ten to fifteen minutes — as you think best then take the peaches out as before. If your syrup is nice and rich take it out and let it cool if not thick enough let it cook a few minutes longer, when cool to every quart of syrup put one pint of white Brandy or Pure Spirits. Mix well, and pour it over your peaches, then put them in your jars with a brandy paper over each jar and seal tight, put them away, and eat in winter or when young & ready, they will keep forever done up by this receipt. If your peaches should turn dark while you are processing, then throw them in cold water as you peel them.

MRS. JONES' PICKLED WALNUTS

Ingredients: One hundred walnuts, salt and water. One gallon of vinegar, two ounces of whole black pepper, half ounce of cloves, one ounce of Allspice one ounce of root ginger sliced, one ounce mace.

Gather the walnuts in July when they are full grown. They should be soft enough to be pierced all through with a needle. Prick them all well through. Let them remain nine days in brine. (Four tb. of salt to each gallon of water) changing the brine every third day. Drain them and let them remain in the sun two or three days until they become black. Put them into jars, not quite filling them. Boil the vinegar and spices together ten minutes, and pour the liquid over the walnuts. They are fit for use in one month, and will keep for years.

WALNUT CATSUP

One hundred young tender Walnuts cracked & put into a jar with water to cover and a cup of salt, stir twice a day for two weeks. Drain off the liquor into a kettle, cover the walnuts with boiling vinegar, mash to a pulp, and put through a colander into the kettle, for every qt. of this, take 2 ounces each of white pepper, & ginger, 1 oz. each of cloves & grated nutmeg, a pinch of cayenne, a small onion minced fine, and a teaspoon of celery seed tied in a bag. Boil altogether for 1. hour. Bottle when cold & seal.

MAY SMITH'S POTATO CARMEL CAKE

2/3 cup Butter	1 teaspoon Cinnamon
2 cup Sugar	1 teaspoon Nutmeg
2 cup Flour	1 cup Hot mashed Potato
1 cup Grated Chocolate	2 cup Sweet Milk
1 cup Chopped Walnuts	4 Eggs
1 teaspoon Cloves	2 teaspoon Baking Powder

Cream butter & sugar & yolks of eggs, add milk; hot mashed potatoes — spices & chocolate. Sift baking powder into flour — stir sifted flour into batter; & lastly the beaten whites of eggs. Add nuts just as the cake is to go into baking pan. (Very Good.)

Each issue of *The Californians* will feature historic California recipes from the files, kitchens and memories of California cooks, from the many excellent historic cookbooks compiled by history-related groups throughout the state and from old cookbooks buried in the corners of many libraries. If you'd like to share with our readers your historic recipes and cookbooks, just mail them to *The Californians'* editor Jean Sherrell (460 Grove St., San Francisco, Ca 94102), including information about yourself or your organization, historic background on the recipes and instructions for readers who want to order the featured cookbook when it's available.

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CALIFORNIA HISTORY TODAY

EVENTS

On August 28 — the 200th anniversary of the death of Fray Junipero Serra — a year-long commemoration began at Mission San Carlos Borromeo at Carmel, where his body lies buried in the sanctuary. Organizations wanting to participate in this commemorative year of Serra's death, 1984-1985, can obtain a press kit (two glossy photographs suitable for publication, a sample news release, as short list of recommended readings, suggested activities and club observances, a brief biography of Serra and a chronology of his life) for \$2.00 from Dr. Gloria R. Lothrop, Department of History, California State Polytechnic University, Pomona, CA 91768.

An original 1919 Christmas Open House is being planned for the evenings of December 11-12 by the Workman and Temple Homestead, 15415 East Don Julian Road, City of Industry, CA 91744. Guests will be guided through La Casa Nueva, the Homestead's restored 1920-style Spanish Colonial Revival style residence. There will be the making of calling cards, caroling, Yuletide games, 1919-style refreshments and the chance to meet Father Christmas and his helpers. Contact: 818-968-8492.

Plan ahead for the Christmas Open House, luminarias and Christmas carols December 30, 6-8pm at the Centinela Adobe Complex. For more information than we have as this goes to press, contact: Historical Society of Centinela Valley, 7634 Midfield Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90045.

To publicize your organization's
☐ open-to-the-public events, exhibits and library or museum,
☐ awards offered and calls for papers or
☐ publications (nonprofit history-related organization and self-published only), **send sample copy** plus price and ordering information.

For events and exhibits, be sure to mention opening and closing dates and admission fee if any, plus the phone number readers can call for more info.

Deadline to receive copy is 10 weeks before date of issue. Also, note that issues are received in mail two weeks after first month mentioned — e.g., March/April arrives around March 15 — so submit dated material accordingly.

Note: Photos accompanying any of the above are always welcome (but will not be returned unless accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelope).

Send it all to "California History Today", c/o *The Californians*, 460 Grove St., San Francisco, CA 94102.

Fall travel/study tours sponsored by the California Historical Society range from the exotic (2 weeks in Alaska and Canada; 3 weeks in the Eastern Mediterranean) to Americana (6 days in Philadelphia; 1 week on the Mississippi; 5 days in New Mexico) to down-home (2 days on Monterey Bay; 2 days in the Los Angeles art scene; 2 days on the Mendocino coast). For itineraries and prices, contact: CHS program department, 2090 Jackson Street, San Francisco, CA 94109.

EXHIBITS

Photographic images covering news events, people, street scenes, architecture and activities illustrating virtually all aspects of California life over the past 130 years are found in the Security Pacific National Bank Collection of Historic Photographs — 225,000 photos and negatives dating back to 1850. Security Pacific has contributed this outstanding collection — one of the state's finest — to the Los Angeles Public Library, as a bicentennial gift to the city. The photos, now being catalogued and printed, will be housed in the Mary E. Foy California Room, an adjunct of the Library's History Department devoted solely to the history of the Golden State. Contact: Los Angeles Public Library's Central Library, 630 W. Fifth Street, Los Angeles 90071 (213)626-7461.

"Jewish Life in Northern California: Pacific Pioneers" (from gold rush days to 1945) will be on exhibit now until December 30, at the Judah L. Magnes Museum, along with a companion exhibit "Jewish Life in America" (from colonial days till present). Discover the unusual experience of Jews on the western frontier, where they enjoyed unprecedented freedom and entry into American society. 100 photos, original documents and artifacts drawn entirely from the Magnes Museum's Western Jewish History Center. Featuring: Mother Lode Jewish cemeteries, photographed by Ira Nowinski; tickets to High Holiday services held in Golden Gate Park after the '06 earthquake; 1927 program to Yiddish theatre San Francisco performance of Sholom Aleichem's classic "It's Hard to Be a Jew" and more. Admission free. Hours, 10am-4pm Sundays through Fridays. Contact: Magnes Museum, 2911 Russell Street, Berkeley, 415-849-2710.

An extremely rare Costanoan Indian basket is now on exhibit in the de Saisset Museum's California History Collection, on loan until September '85 from the Smithsonian Institution's Museum of Natural History. Exquisitely hand-crafted, the coiled weave basket is adorned with colorful shell beads and feathers from the Red Acorn woodpecker and black California quail. The basket is on view along with other items in the museum's California History Collection, a newly-renovated, perma-

nent exhibit featuring a wide variety of artifacts from the Costanoan culture, Spanish missionary era and early Santa Clara College life. Hours 10am-5pm Tuesdays through Fridays, 1-5pm weekends. Admission free. Contact: de Saisset Museum, UC-Santa Clara campus (Franklin St. & The Alameda in Santa Clara), 408-554-4545.

"One Hundred and Thirty Years of Law Enforcement in Stanislaus County" is a new exhibit at the McHenry Museum in Modesto, including photographs and artifacts from the county's archives and private collections. (And while you're there, ask to see a copy of the McHenry Museum Society Press's new book, *Modesto: Images of Yesterday, Images of Today*.) Contact: Heidi Warner, McHenry Museum, 14021 Street, Modesto, CA 95354, 209-577-5366.

The California State Archives wants to share its historical riches — free — with everyone through an ongoing exhibit program. At their Exhibit Hall (1020 "O" Street in Sacramento), open weekdays 8am-4:30pm, changing exhibits draw on the State Archives' collections, featuring original documentation relating to selected historic topics. (The most recent, for example, focused on the Public Utilities Commission.) In addition, the Archives has a traveling exhibit program that features duplicates of materials from their collection, augmented by graphics and related materials from non-archival collections. The traveling exhibits are available to groups and organizations, with no rental fee — borrowers need only provide one-way transportation to their site. The State Archives seems to believe it is there to share history with as many Californians as possible, and is obviously making it as easy and inexpensive as possible for history-lovers to take advantage of its materials. Five outstanding exhibits are currently available: "The Japanese-American Experience in California"; "California's 1879 Constitution"; "California's Historic Wine Industry"; "Orange Crate Art"; "Women in California: An Archival Sampler". For information on scheduling these and additional exhibits being developed, contact — and thank! — Chuck Wilson, California State Archives, 1020 "O" Street room 130, Sacramento CA 95814.

Chumash (from about 1500) shell beads, basket pieces, projectile points; building foundations dating back to the mission founded by Father Serra in 1782; ranch remnants from 1846, including broken and discarded household and business wares, cattle and sheep bones; and artifacts of the small Chinatown born in the area in 1905, including deposits of typical ceramic ware. Open Tuesday-Sunday, 10am-4pm; closed holidays. Contact: 648-5823 or 654-7837.

Heritage Square in Los Angeles is a 10-acre site operated by the Cultural Heritage Foundation being developed as an outdoor museum of original buildings from the period of 1865-1920. Contact: Heritage Square, 3800 Homer Street (Pasadena Freeway at Avenue 43), Los Angeles, CA 90031 (213) 222-3150.

Mission Peak Heritage Foundation coordinates preservation efforts in Alameda County's Washington Township. Don't miss the 1876 Shinn House (open on first Wednesdays and third Sundays, 1-3pm for regular tours; to arrange for special tours on other days phone (415) 656-2451). The Foundation also presents a walking tour of Fremont's Mission San Jose district. Historical tour guide brochures are available from Mission San Jose merchants. Contact: MPH, PO Box 3405, Mission San Jose District, Fremont, CA (415) 656-2541.

Mojave River Valley Museum, open year round 8am-4pm weekdays and 11am-4pm weekends, is dedicated to the preservation and interpretation of the Mojave River Valley heritage. It collects and displays artifacts and information dealing with the prehistory and history of the area from the famous Calico Early Man, Indians, pathfinders and pioneers through to the accomplishments of space exploration, spanning 50,000 years of man's life in that area. Admission free. Contact: Mojave River Valley Museum Association, Inc., POB 1282, Barstow, CA 92311.

Mono County Museum in Bridgeport is open from the last week in May until a week after Labor Day. Admission 75c for adults, 25c for kids. The museum has an unusually excellent collection of Indian baskets that has been appraised at \$175,000, as well as many other artifacts from Mono County. Contact: Arthur Webb, curator, PO Box One, Bridgeport CA 93517 (714) 932-8121.

Nevada County Historical Society invites history lovers to several different sites. For more details, contact: Nevada City Historical Society, PO Box 1300, Nevada City, CA 95959.

Old St. Hilary's in the Wildflowers, in Tiburon, is one of the few examples of Carpenter Gothic to survive in its original condition and setting. As remarkable as the building is St. Hilary's Preserve, one of the state's most beautiful flower gardens. Guided tours are available. Contact: The Landmarks Society, 12 Beach Road, Belvedere, CA (PO box 134, Belvedere-Tiburon, CA 94920) (415) 435-1853.

Orange County's Heritage Hill His-

LIBRARIES & MUSEUMS

Albinger Archaeological Museum sits on land rich with the remains of Ventura's past. Archaeologists and historians have spent many hours piecing together photos and written records with finds made on the site to tell a unique story: earthovens, hearths and other artifacts of an Indian culture occupying what is now Ventura's Mission Park more than 3,500 years ago, 200 years before Tutankhamen's reign;

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torical Park in El Toro features four early California structures, complete with period furnishings and landscaping, spanning the time from the great ranchos to the beginning of the citrus industry in Orange County. Contact: Heritage Hill Historical Park, 25151 Serano Road, El Toro, CA 92705 (714)855-2028.

Placer County Museum and newly-opened Bernhard Museum (both in Auburn) offer views of life in the gold country. Fee, 50c for senior citizens and children, \$1 for all others (includes admission to both museums). Contact: (916) 885-9570.

Plumas County Museum's collection is primarily historical, but certain areas such as the mezzanine gallery display contemporary work by county artisans. The only permanent exhibit focuses on an outstanding collection of baskets woven by the area's native Maidu Indians. Contact: Plumas County Museum, 500 Jackson Street, PO Box 776, Quincy, CA 95971 (916) 283-1750.

Rio Vista Museum has three rooms of river and delta artifacts. It's open 1:30-4:30pm Saturdays and Sundays at 16 North Front Street in Rio Vista.

Sacramento Valley Museum includes a general store, shops, women's fashions of 19th-century California, a country store, art exhibit and much more. Fee \$1, 6-16, 25c; under 6 free. Located in Williams, six blocks west of I-5 on SR 20. Contact: Bette Bruggman, curator (916) 473-2978.

San Francisco Archives is a treasury of records and memorabilia that illuminate the city's past and help understand

its journey from yesterday to today. Hours: Tuesday through Saturday, 10am-6pm, Wednesday, 1-6pm.

San Joaquin County Historical Museum's theme is "Man and the Soil" — a collection of more than 30,000 items representing the development of San Joaquin County's agricultural and local history. Contact: San Joaquin County Historical Museum, PO Box 21, Lodi, CA 95241 (209) 368-9154.

San Jose Historical Museum is a historic town of restored buildings and replicas on a 16-acre tract that houses and exhibits more than 300,000 artifacts. Contact: San Jose Historical Museum, 635 Phelan Avenue, San Jose, CA 95112 (408) 287-2290.

San Mateo County Historical Association Museum has new hours: closed Monday and Tuesday, open 10am-4:30pm Wednesday through Friday and open from noon to 4pm on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. Contact: San Mateo County Historical Association, College of San Mateo Campus, 1700 West Hillsdale Blvd., San Mateo, CA 94402.

Sonoma's Depot Park Museum — an 1880 railroad depot burned in 1976 — has been rebuilt and surrounded by a park including old railroad cars on original track. Sonoma Valley Historical Society filled the depot with artifacts and historical displays. Contact: Depot Park Museum, Box 861, Sonoma, CA 95476 (707) 938-9765.

Tuolumne County Museum and History Center, open year-round Monday through Friday 9am-4:30pm, features an exhibit entitled "Tuolumne

County — Our Towns", depicting the six geographical regions of Tuolumne County, one of California's original counties and the hub of the state's southern Mother Lode gold mining region. Group tours by arrangement. Contact: Tuolumne County Museum, PO Box 299, Sonoma, CA 95370.

Ventura County Historical Museum has permanent exhibits of county history and prehistory, outside exhibits of farm equipment and changing galleries plus research library with 10,000-plus county photos. Both facilities open 10am-5pm, library Tuesdays through Fridays and museum Tuesdays through Sundays. Contact: VCHM, 100 E. Main, Ventura, CA 93001, 805-653-0323.

Western America SkiSport Museum, located at Donner Summit on I-80 at Boreal Ski Area. Exhibits encompass the history and development of the sport of skiing. Beginning with the gold miners of the 1850s and their 80-mph snowshoe (ski) races through the jumpers of the 1930s to the development of an industry and the Olympic races of today. Films dating from 1918 shown daily in the theatre. Admission free, open Wednesday through Sunday. Contact: PO Box 38, Soda Springs, CA 95728 (916)426-3313.

Western Jewish History Center of the Judah Magnes Museum is the only archives specializing in the collection, preservation and presentation of materials documenting the impact of Jews on the Far West's development, culture and character. Open Monday-Friday, noon to 4pm, 2911 Russell St., Berkeley, CA 94705 (415)849-2710.

Whittier Historical Society's museum is now open to the public. Tour groups are encouraged and may make reservations two weeks in advance. Contact: Whittier Historical Society, 6755 Newlin Avenue, Whittier, CA 90601 (213) 945-3871.

Workman-Temple Historic Landmarks, acquired and restored by the City of Industry, is a sojourn into the San Gabriel Valley's history. Within its six acres are numerous carefully restored structures documenting two centuries of the area's architecture — Spanish Colonial Revival, Greek Revival, Mexican, Early Californian and contemporary architecture. Admission, free. Public tours on the hour 1-4pm Tuesdays through Fridays and 10am-4pm Saturdays and Sundays. Contact: 15415 East Don Julian Road, City of Industry CA 91744 (818) 968-8492.

Yorba-Slaughter Adobe Museum (71727 Pomona Rincon Road, Chino) was originally built as a wedding gift in 1850 to Raimundo Yorba (grandson of Jose Antonio Yorba). Hours: Saturday, 10:30am-4:30pm; Sunday, 12:30-4:30pm; Wednesday, 1-4pm. Contact: Gerald F. Litel, curator-caretaker (714) 597-7248 or 597-6624.

RESEARCH

Information on early German settlers — particularly farmers and ranchers — in the San Joaquin Valley is wanted by the California Agricultural Museum in Fresno. If you have any information, accounts, documents, records, photos or

other archival materials please call 209-385-7426.

Request information on pamphlet by Martin Vivian, "The Big Trees of California" (1876). Need info for research project dealing with 1876 Big Tree exhibition in Philadelphia. Dennis Kruska, PO Box 5177, Sherman Oaks, CA 91403.

Pre-1969 Gay/Lesbian life is being studied by the San Francisco Lesbian and Gay History Project. Interested in hearing from people with experience or knowledge of gays in the '30s, '40s, '50s; particularly interested in early Bay Area gay bars. Research leads and source material appreciated. Anonymity can be assured. Contact SF Lesbian and Gay History Project, PO Box 42332, San Francisco, CA 94101.

Request information about Alice B. Chittenden (1859-1944), botanical artist and portraitist. Ann Freeman, 27-B El Dorado, Arcadia, CA 91006.

ORAL HISTORY

How California women have won and lost in politics is described in these interviews with 28 California women political leaders (1920-1970) who became politically active between the passage of the suffrage amendment and the onset of the current feminists. Represent a variety of views within the political spectrum: Democrat and Republican, Communist, liberal, conservative. At the Bancroft Library, UC-Berkeley, and in UC-Los Angeles' department of special collections. For information or acquisition, contact regional Oral History Office, 486 The Bancroft Library, UC-Berkeley, 94720. 415-642-7395.

Indian science writer Gobind Behari Lal's oral history memoir was done in 1981, when the Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist was 91 years old, still providing the San Francisco *Examiner* with pithy pieces. Lal "hung [his] youthful hat" at UC-Berkeley as a post-graduate research fellow in social sciences, 1912-1917. There, in 1913, Lal and other intellectuals and patriots started the Gadar movement to free India from foreign control. Two great issues concerned Lal — nationalism and making science accessible to the people. The oral history covers his formative years, school and events in the state of Bikaner and Delhi; describes Bohemian San Francisco and personalities well known to Lal such as H. L. Mencken, George Sterling and the scientists he admired and whose company he enjoyed; also covers his entry into journalism. Lal won the trust of his boss William Randolph Hearst by always researching his articles on medicine thoroughly and submitting them to a review check by the American Medical Association *Journal* editor. In the late 1940s his carefully-written article, on a new antibiotic, bacitracin, came to the attention of the father of a gravely-ill six-month-old child. The father contacted the research physician and the child was cured. "Science Writer Saves the Life of a Baby" headlines pleased Mr. Hearst! The lively Lal oral history includes some of Lal's unpublished writings. At The Bancroft Library, UC-Berkeley, and UC-Los Angeles' department of special col-

lections. For information contact Regional Oral History Office, 486 The Bancroft Library, UC-Berkeley, CA 94720. 415-658-6894.

PUBLICATIONS

NOTE: Because of two reader disappointments in material ordered through this section, our new policy is to ask people to send us a copy of any publication they want listed so we can screen before offering to readers. See statement in box at opening of this "California History Today" section.

American-Italian: A limited quantity of two publications are available free from the American Italian Historical Association — *The Italian American Experience in California: A Bibliography* (contact Andrew Canepa, AIHA, 100 Santa Ynez Ave, San Francisco CA 94112) and *La Società Italiana de Mutua Beneficenza: The Early Years*, a commemorative booklet celebrating the 125th anniversary of La Società, the oldest continuous Italian-American institution, including articles on La Società's early history as well as the early years of San Francisco's Italian community (contact August Troiani, Italian Mutual Benevolent Society, 540 "F" St., Colma CA 94014).

Fort Ross: *The World of Fort Ross: A Picture Book*, exquisitely illustrated with line drawings by David W. Rickman, who also did the text and meticulous research, is a book you will want to buy for your children but will probably hang on to yourself until you have finished with it. Most texts and illustrations originally appeared at the California History Center's exhibit "The World of Fort Ross" at DeAnza College in 1983; Rickman did his research largely from the Stanford Library resources and the Russian book collection of Nicholas Rokitiensky to whom, along with Michael Tucker of the State Department of Parks and Recreation, the book is dedicated. Covers mainly the Russian era. The Ethnographic Institute of the Academy of Science in Moscow and Leningrad have provided some maps and illustrations. 11 x 8-1/2", softback, four color cover, 26 pages, 24 line illustrations suitable for older children to crayon or watercolor. Also involved in its production and distribution were the California History Center and the Ft. Ross Interpretive Association and Advisory Committee. \$6. Available at California History Center, De Anza College, 21250 Stevens Creek Blvd., Cupertino, CA 95014.

"General Phineas Banning Residence Museum Guide Book." 45 pps. of color photos of each room, some 1850-1900 photos of family, house and grounds. \$4 plus 6-1/2% CA sales tax plus \$1.50 shipping and handling per book. Order from: Banning Residence Museum, PO Box 397, Wilmington, CA 90748. Checks payable to Friends of Banning Park.

Miners, trains, trestles c. 1860-1892 are depicted on two sets of historical postcards dealing with the Mt. Diablo coalfields of Contra Costa

County — once the state's largest coal-producing district. The postcards — 3x5", black & white — reproduce early photographic views of the three largest of the five communities that once dotted Mt. Diablo's northeastern flank. Limited edition, 500 copies. Set 1 contains five cards of Nortonville and Somersville and set 2 contains five cards of Stewartville. (\$1.25 per set of \$2.25 for both, postpaid; order from Charles A. Bohakel, PO Box 817, Antioch CA 94509.)

Modesto: *Modesto: Images of Yesterday, Images of Today*, a rephotographic survey by Robert Gauvreau. Large hardcover glossy paper format handsomely showcases Modesto's evolution over the past century: each left hand page presents a historic photo of a Modesto site and each right hand page, that site's present-day appearance. Sharpens your sense of the evanescence of history, for you begin to realize, looking at the yesterday/today images, that much of early Modesto has completely disappeared. Index, chronology and bibliography round out this beautifully-illustrated work. \$39.95 plus 6% tax and \$2.45 for shipping and handling. Order from McHenry Museum Society Press, 14021 I Street, Modesto, CA 95354.

Morgan Hill's history: *Hiram Morgan Hill* is a comprehensive biography of the city's namesake written by local author/historian Beth Wyman. Includes rare Hill family photos never seen before as well as stories of Hill's sister Althea Hill ("Rose of Sharon"), her marriage contract with Senator William "Bonanza King" Sharon and a profile of Sarah's prosperous black mentor, Mammy Pleasant. \$10.53 (8.95 plus tax and postage), checks payable to Beth Wyman. Order from BOOK, 1095 Llagas Road, Morgan Hill, CA 95037.

Nevada County: *Nuggets of Nevada County History*, written by Juanita Kennedy Browne and published by the Nevada County Historical Society, can be ordered from that group at PO Box 1300, Nevada City, CA 95959. \$9 plus \$1 for tax, postage and handling per copy.

Whittier: *Whittier, Long Ago and Today* was written by Florence Zimmer and illustrated by Bob Gardner, both teachers in the Whittier City School District and members of the Whittier Historical Society. Though written to be used as a social studies text in the third grade's study of communities, it is also of general interest to adults. (And if you plan to make it your child's own permanent book, he could use it as an extra-fine coloring book.) Covers history of Whittier up to about 1900. 55 8x12" pages, half text and half original line drawings. \$7.95 including tax and postage. Order from Florence Zimmer, PO Box 9174, Whittier, CA 90608.

MISCELLANY

The Conference of California Historical Societies (CCHS) is nerve-center of the state's organized historical activity. Established in 1954 to meet the needs of California's hundreds of local and regional historical societies, agencies and museums, CCHS is the coordinating organization that helps all these diverse groups achieve their

goals. CCHS provides information and a forum for discussion of new techniques and developments of interest to historical societies — much of which goes on during the organization's four statewide meetings per year, each held in a different part of the state. In addition to covering strategies and techniques by which historical societies can maintain and strengthen their programs and reach out to their communities, each meeting also focuses heavily on the local history of the area in which the meeting is being held (including lectures, tours, publications and various other special events). Many individuals as well as organizations join CCHS. The \$15-per-year individual membership fee includes the CCHS quarterly publication *California Historian*, the CCHS Newsletter and invitations to symposia, workshops and meetings. Rates for associates, societies, libraries, museums and Young Historians (an active outreach-to-youth CCHS project) are available on request. For membership information, write the Conference of California Historical Societies, University of the Pacific, Stockton, CA 95211.

UC photo collections survey: The California Museum of Photography at UC-Riverside has been designated as headquarters for a survey of photographic resources throughout the nine-campus UC system to establish an inventory of collections on all campuses and ultimately pave the way for a catalogue and access system to improve sharing of the holdings for UC teaching and research. Survey coordinator Sheryl Conkelton will spend a year studying UC's artistic, historical and scientific photo collections, identify their users and determine conservation priorities. Many of these photos are in well-known galleries and museums; others are in uncatalogued collections of academic departments and research facilities. Among UC's collections are master set of Edward Weston photos at Santa Cruz, Ansel Adams negatives and prints at Berkeley, more than a million prints and negatives at the Bancroft Library including work by such photographers as Carleton Watkins and Arnold Genthe, and the Riverside museum's images form all periods in photographic history as well as its Keystone-Mast collection of about 350,000 stereographic prints and negatives. This effort to organize and conserve the heritage of UC's photo collections should be good news for all California history lovers. For more information contact the California Museum of Photography, UC-Riverside, 92521, 714-787-4787.

The California Preservation Foundation is a private, non-profit organization incorporated in 1978 to promote historic preservation values throughout California. Originally created to supplement the work of Californians for Preservation Action — a lobbying organization with a public policy focus and primary interest in state-level action — the Foundation stresses educational programs and public awareness of directions in public policy. Its programs target assistance to local groups and individuals who share the same desire to spread the preservation ethic. As a tax-exempt, 501(c)3 organization, donations to the Foundation are tax deductible. Its conferences, workshops and publications have three main objectives: 1) to help interested individuals and local groups see and explain the values of historic,

architectural and cultural resources to the larger community; 2) publicize tax benefits and encourage greater business involvement in preservation; 3) help private citizens and public officials who want to create and use preservation tools and techniques in local planning and decision-making. Foundation is best known for its Annual State Preservation Conference, now in its 10th year, attended by hundreds of preservationists yearly. For information on joining the Foundation, contact Executive Director John F. Merritt, California Preservation Foundation, 55 Sutter Street, Suite 593, San Francisco, CA 94104.

The Association for Northern California Records and Research was founded in 1971 by a group of residents of northeastern California and interested people from CSU-Chico to collect and preserve public records, and business, personal and family papers pertaining to the University's geographical service area (Butte, Sutter, Yuba, Plumas, Lassen, Modoc, Siskiyou, Trinity, Shasta, Tehama, Glenn and Colusa). Meriam Library at CSU-Chico provided space for housing the material and staff support for organizing, maintaining the collected documents and serving both University researchers and general public. Prominent in the present collection are a major group of Butte County records and smaller groups of Tehama and Siskiyou County records. A major goal of the Association was to publish occasional and research papers re the area's local and regional history. To date 15 titles have been published. Also the group has sponsored historical and oral history seminars and workshops. Funds come from membership fees, gifts and publication sales. For more information contact William A. Jones, ANCR, POB 3024, Chico, CA 95927.

"California Children's Books" is a series of programs and resources put together by James Silverman to make regional material available to teachers, librarians, historians, storytellers, authors, illustrators, children and the general public. Covers children's books published in California from 1836 to present. A quarterly bulletin will feature books in print, historical book lists, reference guides, library profiles, program notes. Children's book historian Silverman says children's books published here reveal little-known facets of the California experience here — from Mexican Monterey printers' rustic school books (*Tablas Para Los Niños Que Empezan a Contar*) to the post gold rush *Uncle John's Stories for Good California Children* and the fantastic *Fairy Tales from the Gold Land* (1968). For more information contact Silverman at California Children's Books, 774 Euclid Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94708 (415)525-3221.

The California Committee for the Promotion of History was formed in 1976 to foster appreciation of historical heritage and application of history skills in public and private sectors. A service association of professional historians (although those with an avocational interest in history can also join), the group holds annual conferences, publishes *California History Action* (clearinghouse for activities that advance the history professional) and works with public and private agencies to define positions and standards for historical work. Individual dues \$20 per year; also special categories. Contact: (916)454-6206.

Merry Christmas & Happy Hanukka

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Victor Verulam Astaroth Haskell in the arms of his mother, Anna Fader Haskell, in 1886. Victor's father was Burnette Haskell, the famous radical and founder of the Kaweah colony near Visalia. Anna kept a diary beginning when she was 18; it is excerpted in this issue's "Voices From the Past", page 7.